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# Along the Editor's Trail

**H**AVE you ever been to a party which the hostess didn't attend? I have. Oh, she was there, all right, in a yellow dress and slippers, but she didn't seem to know what it was all about. She hadn't the party spirit at all. She fidgeted and was so afraid that her guests weren't going to have a good time that some of them actually didn't. And when it was time for refreshments to be served—well!!!

It happened this way. Rose—she is the girl who gave the party—had always gone with our crowd. We had hiked and picnicked and ducked for apples together on Hallowe'en. We'd gone to the beach together in summer and on sleigh rides in winter. We'd eaten each other's birthday cakes and Christmas candies. And whenever we gathered together for a party, no matter where it was, we always had a good time.

But that was before the Osborns and the Sinclairs came to town and began to invite us all to the swankiest and most luscious parties imaginable, with imported favors and beautifully served suppers at eleven o'clock, that seemed to appear out of nowhere without any effort at all.

Mary Osborn is a peach, and so are Hal and Edna Sinclair, and we all loved going to their parties—which were quite the proper sort for them to give since they lived in the two largest houses in town and had servants galore.

But when Rose decided that her next party should rival Mary Osborn's Thanksgiving sup-

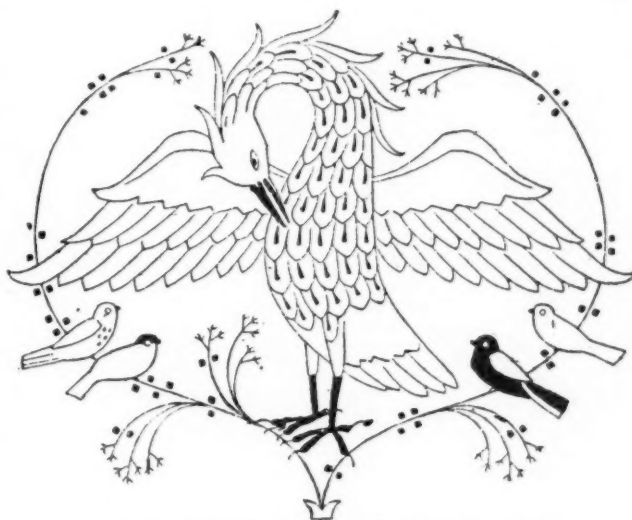
per, I felt in my bones that something would go terribly wrong. Rose—like all the rest of us except Mary and Hal and Edna—lives in a medium-sized house and hasn't the equipment or the help to give an elaborate affair. But she *would* do it. She and her mother and their one maid worked for days ahead salting nuts, concocting candy and cakes with fancy icing, and trying to make inexpensive favors look expensive. She spent more than she could afford on a yellow dress to go well with the decorations, and she wore herself out trying to decide whether to serve fruit salad or chicken patties or a new kind of rarebit.

The result was that she was so tired when the night of the party came that she was no good at all as a hostess. She forgot what she'd planned to do next and left the room a thousand times to see if the rolls had been put in the oven, or to make sure that the cream for the cocoa was served in just the proper bowl.

Very few of us had a good time. Watching Rose's worried face was too much of a strain. And then and there Amy and I decided that we would

never ruin our fun at our own parties—and the fun of our guests, as well—by trying to outdo somebody else.

I think Rose feels the same way, because she said to me the other day: "Mary Osborn seemed to have a good time at that marshmallow and apple roast Amy had, didn't she? I think, at my next party, I'll have an old-fashioned candy pull."



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## THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

S. E. McKEOWN, Business Manager  
ELSIE WRASE, Circulation

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$.25 extra a year for postage; foreign, \$.50 extra a year for postage; remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois; Harry E. Hyde, Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Powers & Stone, Inc., 369 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C., for New England and New York State, except Metropolitan Area

VOLUME XIV

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 2

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JUST BEFORE the January issue came out, Mae Horowitz of New York wrote, "I am waiting for a boarding school story with a deep, exciting mystery in the midst of gayety." And here we are beginning *Mystery at Shadyloam* in this very issue of the magazine! We'll talk about it again next month if you'll let us know what you think of it!

Oh, and before we start a heated discussion about the Scatter illustrations, listen to this. La Verne Galley of Riverside, Illinois writes: "Although my brother would rather be caught dead than be accused of reading a 'sissy' magazine, he has been reading with great interest *Vagabond's Ward* and also the Scatter stories."

HELEN THOMAS of Wellston, Ohio says: "I am writing to tell you what I think of the Scatter illustrations. I disagree with Vera Man's opinion of them. I think they are so funny and interesting. I laugh at all of them. They seem so expressive and human. Anyone who doesn't think them good tempts me to say, 'Well, of all things not to like!' Helen Hokinson and Garrett Price are my favorite illustrators."

MABEL WHITESIDE of Camden, Arkansas has decided views on the matter, too. She says: "For my birthday yesterday, Mother gave me another two-year subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Almost all the stories that have been published during the last two years just 'hit the right spot.' I'm crazy about the Scatter and Jo Ann stories. I beg to differ with Vera Man who doesn't like the illustrations in the Scatter stories. I think they're just too cute for words and look just like I'd imagine Scatter to look. Isn't that what the illustrations are supposed to look like?" Sybil Martin of Wildwood, Pennsylvania says that the Scatter illustrations are just what she imagines Scatter and her friends look like, too.

MABEL JANE O'BRIEN of Webster Groves, Missouri says: "The only thing that is wrong about the Scatter illustrations is that the faces of the girls are a little homely." Louise Dollison of Columbus, Ohio may agree that they are homely or she may not, but she says: "The Scatter stories are lively and charming. I certainly disagree with Vera Man about Helen Hokinson's illustrations. I like them because they are different and howlingly funny!" Leona R. Hart of Fairland, Oklahoma says that she doesn't "see how the Scatter illustrations could be improved!" But there's no accounting for tastes, as the saying goes, for along comes Joyce Ladd of

## Well, of All Things!

Barre, Vermont with a note saying, "I enjoy the Scatter stories, but I do not like the illustrations." However, she says that she "loves Robb Beebe's illustrations. I wish he would illustrate every story in the magazine."

JANET MACMASTER of Short Hills, New Jersey certainly thinks they are good. She writes: "My opinion of the illustrations for the Scatter stories is that they're the most interesting illustrations in the magazine. I'm very much interested in Miss Hokinson, anyway, but how anyone cannot see the good in the pictures is more than I can see." She adds a word about our jokes. "I also agree that the *Laugh and Grow Scout* page is getting dull and I'm contributing to it." Everybody be on the watch for funnier and funnier jokes and send them to us by the next mail! We really can't let a page that's written by you girls be dull, can we?

VIRGINIA NOYES HARD of Westport, Pennsylvania says: "I agree with Vera Man. The Scatter stories are good, but the illustrations are terrible! Why can't the characters look more like real people than paper dolls? And I didn't like *Prunes and Prisms*." Then she adds a word about *Vagabond's Ward* which, by the way, ends in this issue of the magazine. She says: "Three cheers for *Vagabond's Ward*! It is simply marvelous. I do hope that it will not have an awful ending as did *The Kidnaping of Sally McBride*." We're expecting some exciting letters now about the ending of this serial. What do you think of Villon's fate?

SEVERAL other good opinions came in about the Scatter illustrations, but we'll have to leave them unsaid if we are to talk at all about happy and unhappy endings. Mary Robertson of Westport, Con-

necticut thinks "that most stories are very enjoyable when they end unpleasantly. The main reason for that is that it is more possible for them to end unpleasantly than pleasantly. I always get tired of having stories end pleasantly." On the other hand, Alice E. Ghirardini of Winchester, Massachusetts says: "I cannot really tell you how much I disagree with that girl who said that she did not like happy endings to stories. She is entirely wrong, in my opinion. Why, what would people read for if they expected a sad ending, such as a girl dying or losing her best friend, or losing jewelry and never recovering it? Why, that would be silly. And then to have everything come out all right in the end makes people forget their troubles; sometimes it makes them think that their worries will end all right." Catherine Green of Sioux Falls, South Dakota is all for happy endings, too. She says: "There's nothing so disappointing as following a character all through a story or book and then have some misfortune happen to him at the last. It may not always be true to life, but at least it's life the way we'd like to have it."

RUTH KIRK of Dallas, Texas says: "I was most interested in the question about happy endings to stories. Personally, I like them. I thought the ending to *The Fork in the Road* was—well, it was keen! I like romantic endings. Jane Abbott's last story *The Borrowed Party* was the cutest *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has ever had. I'm crazy about all of her stories." Ruth's was only one of dozens of approving notes that came in about *The Borrowed Party*. We wish that we had room to print all the letters that come to *Well, of All Things!* They are all so good and we feel that they help us a great deal.

AND JUST a word about Charlotte Shapiro's hobby. Emily Erskine of Madison, New Jersey says of it: "It is an awfully good hobby. I wanted to tell you that I have a collection of dogs and that I have each one represent a certain dog in a book. Also my favorite, which is a collie, is called 'Lad of Sunnybank.' I am so glad that someone else has the same liking of dogs and authors and books." Helen Van Osten of Rochester, New York says: "The authors of the two prize-winning hobbies certainly deserved their prizes. I'm still jumping from one hobby to another. I hope the next one will help me to decide." Well, Helen, you'll find it on page forty-nine. If you like the out-of-doors, you'll be sure to like Donna Long's hobby. Jean Berry's hobby is an interesting one too—one that she will enjoy for years to come.

Be sure you are an "American Girl" subscriber for 1931



**MARJORIE  
ROSS**



**GLORIA  
VANDERPOOL**



**MARY  
HOPKINS**

*Illustrations by*  
*Edward*  
*Poucher*

FINALLY WE REACHED THE DOOR. THE MAID TOOK A KEY FROM THE POCKET OF HER APRON AND THRUST IT INTO A LOCK. MARJORIE, QUICKLY DROPPING GLORIA'S AND MARY'S ARMS, SPRANG FORWARD

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS  
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

FEBRUARY • 1931

*Beginning a serial of three girls in boarding school, by MABEL CLELAND*

## Mystery at Shadylawn

THE round, bright silver quarter came careening down the aisle of the parlor car, like a small wild hoopoe of shining light. Marjorie Ross watched it with laughing eyes; Mary Hopkins, who had dropped it, watched it in hot embarrassment.

"Perhaps it isn't enough to tip the porter, and now everyone will know it was what I was planning to give him," she thought unhappily, watching it disappear under the revolving green chair of the prettiest girl in the car, who had not lifted her eyes from the highly glazed pages of a fashion magazine since she had come back from the dining-car a half hour ago.

Marjorie Ross, who was sitting across from the pretty girl, laughed as she dove under her chair.

"Sorry to bother you, but will you lift your feet up for a minute? I've got to get something from under your chair."

Gloria Vanderpool lifted her prettily shod feet obediently and Marjorie picked up the quarter and held it up.

"Who lost her tip for the porter?" she asked.

For a minute Mary Hopkins thought she wouldn't claim it; she felt that she couldn't, before the car full of girls. They were all looking and smiling now, glad of anything that would relieve the monotony of the trip, for they had been on the car for five hours and the end of the journey was still half an hour away. Then she remembered the small allowance that her aunt was giving her and in which quarters played a very substantial part, so she claimed it, in a shy voice.

"It's mine," she said.

She went forward to take it from Marjorie's outstretched hand and just then the train went around a curve and she was thrown into Gloria Vanderpool's lap.

For a dreadful moment she sat there, unable to get to her feet and suffering agony under the laughing eyes of the other girls. It was Gloria who, giving her a push, got her to her swaying feet again.

"I'm so sorry!" Mary gasped, turning eyes filled with contrition to the ruffled Gloria.

"Oh, it was quite all right," Gloria answered in a cool, impersonal voice, and Marjorie, seeing Mary's cheeks flush deeper than ever, held out a steadying hand and said in a low voice that fell, soft and friendly, on Mary's ears.

"Take it easy and get your breath." And she smiled broadly.

Mary clung to the firm little hand for a second or two until she got her footing, then took the quarter and made her way back to her own chair. Marjorie watched her with interested eyes.

The porter came through the train collecting baggage and the incident was forgotten by everyone but Mary and Marjorie; both of them felt a hidden bond of sympathy.

The train slowed down at the low, brown station and most of the girls got out. Gloria, Mary and Marjorie found themselves in a small group; everyone else seemed to have countless girls meeting them, all shouting their names and kissing them and asking what kind of vacations they'd had.

Marjorie looked around her with round brown eyes that missed nothing. Gloria stood beside her handsome suitcase and overnight bag and tried to look bored and like Greta Garbo; Mary Hopkins looked around like a frightened rabbit.

"Well, what do we do next?" Marjorie demanded of no one in particular.

Gloria, who seemed to feel she was addressing her, shrugged her shoulders.

"There ought to be someone to take our baggage," she said languidly, taking out a little silver vanity and powdering her nose and adjusting her hat as she spoke.

"None of that in public," Marjorie laughed. "Didn't you read the rules and regulations in the booklet?"

"No, did you?" Gloria asked incredulously.

"Of course, every one!" Marjorie answered. "Tom, that's my oldest brother," she explained, "said that half the battle's over in a new school when you come prepared to know how to get along. He said you avoided a lot of trouble if you read the rules first. Then you weren't so likely to make a fool of yourself."

"I've never made a fool of myself and I've been to half a dozen schools before this one," Gloria said disdainfully.

"Why did you leave the others?" Marjorie asked bluntly.

"They bored me—some of them—and in some of them I didn't like the girls," Gloria answered nonchalantly.

"My goodness!" Marjorie cried as though she couldn't very well believe her ears. "Bored you! Why, I've never been bored in my life so far! Where's some wood to knock? And I should think a school would be the last place to have that



MARJORIE STOOD ON A CHAIR, TACKS BETWEEN HER LIPS



happen to you! They are always having grand times in the schools where my brothers go—they come home vacations with wonderful tales. That's why I made up my mind to come to Shadylawn. I'd heard so much from my brothers—I've got four of them—that I decided it was time for little Marjorie to get away from an adoring family and to see something of the world. My family does adore me—I'm not being conceited about it. You see, I'm the only girl and they waited years and years for me, so no wonder they like me!"

She said it in such an amusing way that Mary Hopkins forgot her shyness and laughed aloud.

Marjorie swung around and faced her.

"It's true," she grinned. "My life has been one long battle against allowing myself to be spoiled. When I was five I played for half an hour with a spoiled child who lived next door. She took all my toys and slapped my face in the bargain. I ran home and told my mother what had happened and she said that little Jessie was spoiled. From that time on I fought being spoiled, but I may not have succeeded as well as I think I have. That will be up to you to find out!"

Mary laughed again. She liked the breezy, easy way Marjorie rattled on. She wished that she could just talk along that way and be sure that everyone was interested in what she was saying.

"Of course, brothers take it out of you—conceitedness, I mean," Marjorie began again. "I know I've got freckles and that my nose would be fine if were another shape, and that my eyes aren't half bad and that my mouth would be better if it were smaller, and that for a girl I can play games fairly well and that I should never be seen on a dance floor because I hop! And if my feet were any larger I'd have to wear men's shoes, and that I'm going to have to do something about being so tall, wear an electric iron on my head—"

But she was interrupted here by the appearance of a woman with graying hair and a kind face who hurried up to the girls and spoke to them in a soft southern voice, "I'm sorry not to have been here to welcome you before, but the car broke down and I thought I'd never get to the station at all. I am Miss Bowen."

She held out her hand to Marjorie who seemed to be the only one interested in what she was saying. Gloria was looking bored again and drooping in her best Garbo manner and poor little Mary Hopkins couldn't find her tongue.

Marjorie did the honors, after asking the girls their names.

"We've been talking for half an hour and have sat in one another's laps," she laughed, "but we've never thought to ask one another's names."

"You may be interested in knowing that you three are to be roommates," Miss Bowen said looking at the three faces before her as she spoke.

Marjorie's was the only one that seemed to shine with real pleasure at the significant words Miss Bowen had spoken.

"That will be fine!" she said enthusiastically. "We practically know one another now."

"I'm glad, too," Mary Hopkins said in a little voice.

"Will somebody come for our bags?" Gloria asked in a noncommittal tone.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to carry them to the school bus," Miss Bowen said shortly. "It's over this way." And without another word she walked off and left them to follow her as well as they could.

"I never heard of such a thing!" Gloria declared looking at the retreating back indignantly.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile," Marjorie laughed. And she picked up her suitcase and her smaller bag and followed Miss Bowen at fast as she could. Mary Hopkins came panting after her, and Gloria brought up the rear.

The school bus was already crowded but room was made somehow for the three new girls and Miss Bowen, and the bags were stored on the top. No one paid the slightest attention to the newcomers and Gloria, looking very haughty, pretended not to care. Marjorie listened to everything that was being said and made up her mind that soon she'd be one of the group of girls with their intimate secrets; Mary Hopkins was so glad to be left alone that she sat in her corner, wedged tightly between the back of the bus and Miss Bowen's ample form, and looked around her with the impersonal delight of an audience at a very interesting play. Mary never could see herself as being in a picture—she was always just outside it.

Marjorie loved the drive to the school. It was late afternoon and she felt she would never forget her first glimpse of Shadylawn with the autumn sun a scarlet ball of fire in the west and the windows of the house turned to pure gold from its reflection. She loved beauty, and the old southern mansion which had been turned into a girls' fashionable



MARY PUT HER FOLDED PIECES AND SAID, SHAKING THE



boarding school was indeed a thing of beauty in the soft light of the setting sun. She was to learn later on that vast new wings had been added to the rear and sides, but the architect had kept the whole thing carefully balanced and in keeping with its original setting.

She felt her first wave of homesickness sweep over her—not homesickness, perhaps, but a yearning for someone who would understand how she felt. She looked hastily at her two roommates. Mary Hopkins looked as though she might understand, but Gloria Vanderpool was looking at herself in her small vanity mirror again and had missed that exquisite first view entirely.

"I suppose it isn't new to her," Marjorie thought, trying to be fair. "Perhaps she's seen lots of other schools much nicer, though it doesn't seem possible."

When the bus drew up to the door and stopped she was the first to climb out. She caught Mary Hopkin's arm on one side and Gloria's on the other and swung with them to the front door.

Miss Bowen had told them that servants would look after their luggage now.

"Let's all go together and look at our rooms," she suggested, "then it will be fair about the best bed and everything, for we can draw lots for it."

"That's a good idea," Gloria unbent enough to say. "The last school where I was had separate rooms so there wasn't any question about beds, but I've roomed with girls in others and my roommate always got the most comfortable bed—"

"Well, you can't say we chizzled you out of a fair chance; can she, Mary?" Marjorie said, pinching Mary's thin arm in its rough tweed coat sleeve.

"No," Mary answered, so low that Marjorie scarcely heard her. She felt afraid, terribly afraid of this new life stretching out ahead of her. She would have given anything for Marjorie's gay assured manner, and Gloria's haughty, superior one.

Together they followed the colored maid and the tall gangly negro man who carried their bags. The central hall was crowded with girls so there was little chance to see anything but a winding stairway going up from it with a highly polished mahogany rail and slender white spindles. Even

the stairs were crowded with girls, laughing girls everywhere.

Down what seemed to be a mile of hallway the three girls marched. Finally the maid took a key from the pocket of her apron and thrust it into a lock. Marjorie, dropping Gloria's and Mary's arms, sprang forward. A heavy mahogany door swung wide and before her delighted eyes there appeared a room that would have made any girl cry out in pleasure. Even Gloria came out of herself enough to murmur, "How charming!" and Mary Hopkins gasped.

There was a fireplace across one corner with shining andirons and the wood already laid; three long, wide windows looked out across the old-fashioned garden and upon half a dozen little white stone houses that had once been slaves' quarters. There were gay cretonne curtains at the windows and three seats had been built in. There were three low white empty bookcases and three wicker chairs, a couch covered with a dull green heavy cover stood along one wall, a library table filled another vacant place and there were little side tables and some small chairs scattered about.

"Oh, we can do wonders with this room!" Gloria declared. "We can do wonders with it. Wait and see!"

Marjorie stared at her, hardly believing it possible that this enthusiastic girl could be the same bored Gloria of the train and the bus ride. Gloria sensed her look and drew her old diffident manner around her again like a cloak. Marjorie was sorry that she had shown that she had noticed any change, but suddenly she was glad that Gloria was going to be her roommate. She felt she was going to like her very much.

"This is the bedroom, miss," the maid said going across the room and throwing wide another door. Marjorie sprang after her and gave another little gasp of delight. Three gay green painted beds stood in a row and three bureaus and three tall, narrow chests of drawers and three slipper chairs and three small night tables, all painted green and all exactly alike, were arranged around the room.

"It's like being the Three Bears!" Mary Hopkins blurted out, then stopped as though she had said something unforgivable.

"Exactly," Marjorie laughed.

"And here's the bath," the maid went on. That was a white tiled, shining place.

"Oh, I'm going to love this!" Marjorie declared happily. "Let's get our things unpacked and get the trunks down in the cellar or up in the attic or wherever they keep them and settle things tonight after dinner. What time is dinner?" she added, turning to the maid.

"Seven o'clock, miss. The gong rings in the central hall," the girl answered and went out followed by the man.

Marjorie began to tug at the straps of her suitcase and Mary watched her unhappily. What wonderful things were coming out of that new suitcase, Mary wondered. She wished that someone or something would call Gloria and Marjorie from the room while she unpacked. She was afraid they might laugh as her Aunt Dora had done, when they saw the pink crocheted slippers and the pink flannel wrapper that her Aunt Peggy had made for her in Elmsford, Kansas. The wrapper and the slippers had seemed very pretty to her then. It was only when Aunt Dora had ordered her maid to unpack after Mary had arrived in New York to spend a week-end with this sister of her father, that she had realized that pink crocheted slippers and flannel wrappers weren't worn any more by young girls. But Aunt Dora had been rather nice after all. She had promised to send some other things later on—there hadn't been time to shop that short week-end—and had told Mary to make the best of the pink things until then. She had white cambric nightgowns, too, which she had thought were very pretty with their tatting trimmings, but Aunt Dora had exclaimed over them, too.

"I didn't know anyone had the patterns for things like this any more," she had (Continued on page 34)



HAND INTO THE SOFT TAN FELT HAT, DREW OUT ONE OF THE OPENED IT. "RIGHT BED," SHE READ. "NOW, GLORIA," MARJORIE HAT A LITTLE BEFORE SHE HELD IT OUT TO THE OTHER GIRL

MADLINE SNYDER  
JUST LOVES GIVING  
PARTIES—AND SHE  
TURNED HER TAL-  
ENT FOR IT INTO AN  
UNUSUAL CAREER



By ANNA  
COYLE

## Making a Career of Parties

**W**HAT could be more delightful as a career for a fun-loving girl than to conduct a party factory! To spend one's busy days planning hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds of parties! To have as one's workshop a veritable wonderland of fascinating party favors, rollicking games, and colorful Jack Horner pies!

Such is the unique job of Madeline M. Snyder, of New York, whose original parties have attracted so much attention. In her repertoire are children's parties with such fascinating names as "Star Party", "Shipboard Party", "Silhouette Party" and many more, and grown-ups' parties that are simply bubbling over with fun from the moment the first guest steps over the threshold until the last "I had a perfectly gorgeous time" is said.

To her party factory comes the anxious hostess for help and advice. Here one can get ideas for a party, or Mrs. Snyder will take entire charge, doing everything from inviting the guests to ordering the refreshments. She will supply decorations and favors that are original and charming. She will even arrange for a Punch and Judy show, a

ventriloquist, or an entire circus troupe for a children's party. She will come herself or send an attractive assistant who will act as a party leader and take charge of games and other gaieties. Such is the service offered by the only factory of its kind that I have ever known.

Mrs. Snyder just loves giving parties! Even before she ever dreamed of her party factory she adored giving parties herself and going to those of her friends. So when there came a time that she wanted to do something, she studied at the New York Kindergarten Association. Here her natural understanding and ease with children made her an invaluable asset at any of their functions. Next came a course in rhythmic dancing, story telling and games at Columbia University. And after that her success with parties arranged for the members of her dancing class brought her to the attention of their parents. Soon they began asking her to help them with their own social functions. Here was her "acre of diamonds" right at her own door!

And that is how the party factory started. First, it was a little office supplied by the father of her assistant. Later,

as its popularity grew and grew, Mrs. Snyder sought a wider opportunity in The Children's Book Shop. Now, it is in still larger quarters right in the heart of a great department store on Fifth Avenue and Mrs. Snyder is responsible for more parties than she can count. From her small beginning of two or three parties a year for the members of her dancing class her fun-making has grown until it requires all her time and the time of ten assistants. From planning parties for little children only, her work has reached out to include smart functions for the sub deb, the college girls and boys, and the older members of society who have gone in for games so enthusiastically recently. All this within seven short years.

And that is not all! She has found time to visit Europe and study the play habits of the children of royalty—little princes and princesses. She talks over the radio. She writes magazine articles. And she has written a delightful book about parties called *My Book of Parties*.

When I asked, "What makes a party successful?" she said: "The whole thing is the planning. It should not be shiftless. It means really taking time to plan every detail, yet having the plan so flexible that it may be changed to meet any situation. Then be secretive about it. Make people anticipate. Anticipation is still one of the greatest pleasures we have."

"Getting off to a successful start is, of course, the most difficult part. And that is where the art of being casual comes in. No matter how weak-kneed or quivery one may actually feel, it is absolutely necessary to give the impression of being quite at ease and fully in command of the situation."

And when I asked her to tell me about one of her most successful parties, her thoughts turned to St. Valentine's Day, this being February. She said, "A Valentine party is always easy to do. Hearts! Everything must be heart-shaped. Heart-shaped invitations. Heart-shaped decorations. Heart-shaped refreshments."

"I gave a party for a girl of sixteen last year that was most enjoyable. The hostess cut large red cardboard hearts and attached them to ribbons in pendant fashion. On each heart was written the name of some famous woman taken from history or from modern times—Joan of Arc, Ethel Barrymore, and so on. As the guests arrived, each girl was given a heart which hung down at the back exhibiting her name, and that's who she was for the evening, though she, herself, didn't know her own identity unless she guessed it from the conversation. If the party had had girls and boys, the names of heroes would have been used, to go with the heroines—Napoleon and Josephine, for instance, and others."

"The guests came in time to go to supper and the assumed names proved no end of fun in furnishing suppertime conversation."

"After supper we played entirely different games. *Squat*, which is such an old favorite, was one of the games chosen."

There are fashions in games just as there are fashions in frocks. Right now the murder game is the very latest. Perhaps the popularity of crime in fiction has had something to do with it, but whatever the reason, Mrs. Snyder has come to the rescue with this plan.

"When the imaginary murder has been committed, slips of paper are passed around. All are blank except two. On one of these 'M' is printed and the person who draws that knows he is the murderer. 'D' is for the detective. The lights are turned out and the murderer places his hand on the throat of one of the guests. When you feel a hand on your throat you know you

are the victim and you fall down as though dead. Then the lights come on and everyone, led by the detective, attempts to solve the murder. Who did it? The murderer establishes every alibi possible if he is questioned and attempts to prove that he was in another part of the room, and so forth."

"A good game for a small group, anywhere from three to twelve, is *Letters*. One of the players holds a watch that has a minute hand. He allows each player one minute's time to say all the words which he can remember starting with one of the letters of the alphabet. For instance: The leader points to one of the players and calls, 'Ready H!' and that player must start immediately to say all the words he can think of commencing with 'H'—heart, happiness, hope, and so on. The average is about sixteen words in a minute but I have often known it to go as high as thirty."

"As to the details of the table decorations, every store shows so many Valentine favors that you will have no difficulty in making a nice selection. There is never much variety, but there is always a new crêpe paper with which to decorate the table. The most attractive Jack Horner Valentine pie I ever saw was in the shape of a mail box covered with red crêpe paper and decorated with cupids and doves. There were several envelopes sticking out, directed to 'My Valentine,' to 'Dan Cupid,' etc. For a candy box at each place there was a small red mail box. It made a very pretty table. No party, of course, is complete without hats or mottoes and a Valentine for a place card."

Mrs. Snyder suggests the five and ten cent store as a place to find inexpensive favors for the Jack Horner pie.

In carrying out the heart idea in refreshments she recommends heart-shaped timbales, heart-shaped sandwiches, clever little hearts cut from red jello to decorate the dessert platter, or ice cream frozen in Valentine molds.

For occasions other than Valentine's Day a popular party is the prison party where the guests are invited to come dressed as famous criminals of history. The supper is served on large bare tables with backless benches for seats and heavy prison china is used. However, the supper is most excellent; it doesn't taste like prison fare.

Of course, the party expert has her problems, too. For example: There was the mother who didn't even know the names of her own child's playmates and Mrs. Snyder had to go to her school to get the list of their names to send out the invitations.

Then, there was the time she arrived at the home of one of her clients to take charge of the children's party, only to find Betty and Sally and all the other little girls in their lovely frocks, and Jack and Billy and all the other little boys in their best party suits turning somersaults over the rugs and satin-finished floors.

Here was a situation calling for tact and a knowledge of child psychology!

And there is often the question of bringing out the wall-flower and subduing the show-off. Mrs. Snyder meets this situation graciously by asking the timid person to help her in some way and by calling upon the too-brave one to be a leader in one of the games so that he will not upset the smooth running of the party.

When you consider that right in New York alone a million dollars a year is spent for parties for children, do you wonder that a new profession is springing up, that of directing these parties and acting as a consultant for people who wish to entertain? And, of course,

New York is not alone in its love for parties. What about the opportunity in your own community?

NOTE: The Valentine centerpiece shown on this page was made by the Dennison Company, Incorporated, New York City.



A VALENTINE PARTY CENTERPIECE



"WE'RE SURE TO WIN," BROWNIE CONTINUED. "POOR VAL, HIS OLD BOAT CAN'T SAIL IN THE SAME CLASS AS THE 'SHARK'S FIN.'" . . . THE ICE LAY BEFORE THEM, FLAT AND SPARKLING

*Illustrations by  
Robb Beebe*

CLANG, clang! went the dismissal bell. Prayers were over. Saturday morning, clear and bright, beckoned the girls outdoors, and out they went pell-mell, pulling on leather coats, tams and arctics.

The smallest of the senior girls was first, skimming like a blown leaf to the shore and the ice. They called her "Brownie" because she was all brown—hair, eyes and skin. "I believe you have the brown bones," the French teacher had once said; and while the girls' minds worked furiously trying to unravel it, Miss Winkle had replied:

"But no brown moods, ma'm'selle."

At that everybody felt relieved and smiled, for Brownie was the kindest and happiest girl in the school. Not much of a student, certainly, and careless at first—very careless. But the second year she did better, and this year she was leading for the punctuality prize. She wanted that prize terribly, wanted it for her mother, now far away in the Philippines. It would be such fun to write home: "Believe it or not, I've won the medal for being on time." Harkness Hall was such a strict school the prizes there meant something. Brownie was making an effort for this because she was sure she would never be able to win any other prize the school offered.

"Do you think I'll get it?" she had asked, only the evening before, when she was walking briskly up the drive with Miss Winkle.

"Shouldn't be surprised," the Girl Scout captain had answered, pinching the brown cheek. "You earned last term's button, and you are doing well since Christmas—not a single demerit! But Madge Trimper is running you close, so watch your step."

Brownie's steps plunged ahead in a most reckless manner as she dashed for the bluff and the boat house below. A rollicking breeze was blowing off shore; in five minutes she would have the *Shark's Fin* out and be away before the wind, skimming the ice in her three-cornered craft.

"Whoops, Brownie!"

"You know me, Brown."

"Hi, Brownie! Give us a ride?"

A dozen girls panted after her, calling, well aware that the first few on the spot would be a welcomed load for the boat. Brownie was so good natured.

"Morning, Brown." A tall youth stood just beyond the boat house, fiddling with a flapping sail. "Are you going to give me a race today?" he asked bashfully.

It was Val Hunt, the doctor's son, out of school for a year because of growing all up and down and not enough across. He looked like an asparagus stem, but he was nice. The Girl Scouts in Harkness considered him their property, his mother being commissioner of the local council, and even Miss Harkness admitted he was a gentleman. Brownie liked



## The Thrill

Val, though she did not care much to race him. It was far too easy to win with her faster boat, surer eye and better sailing knowledge. And it was embarrassing to win too often!

"Got to take the girls out for a spin first. See you later," she promised.

Val helped to push out the *Shark's Fin* and shook her canvas loose. But, the girls being forbidden to ride with outsiders, this was the limit of his courtesy. As many students as could piled onto Brownie's boat, and the rest had to wait. The edge of the wind whispering down from the bluff rattled the sail. She moved.

"Give us a shove," called the captain.

Those unable to get aboard all pushed together. The sail filled, and they were away, tearing over the glassy ice with amazing speed. Out a couple of miles on the great lake in scarcely any time, jibbing then, and back again.

"B-r-r-r-r-r!" shivered one of the passengers, who had not come prepared for this coldest of cold sports. "B-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

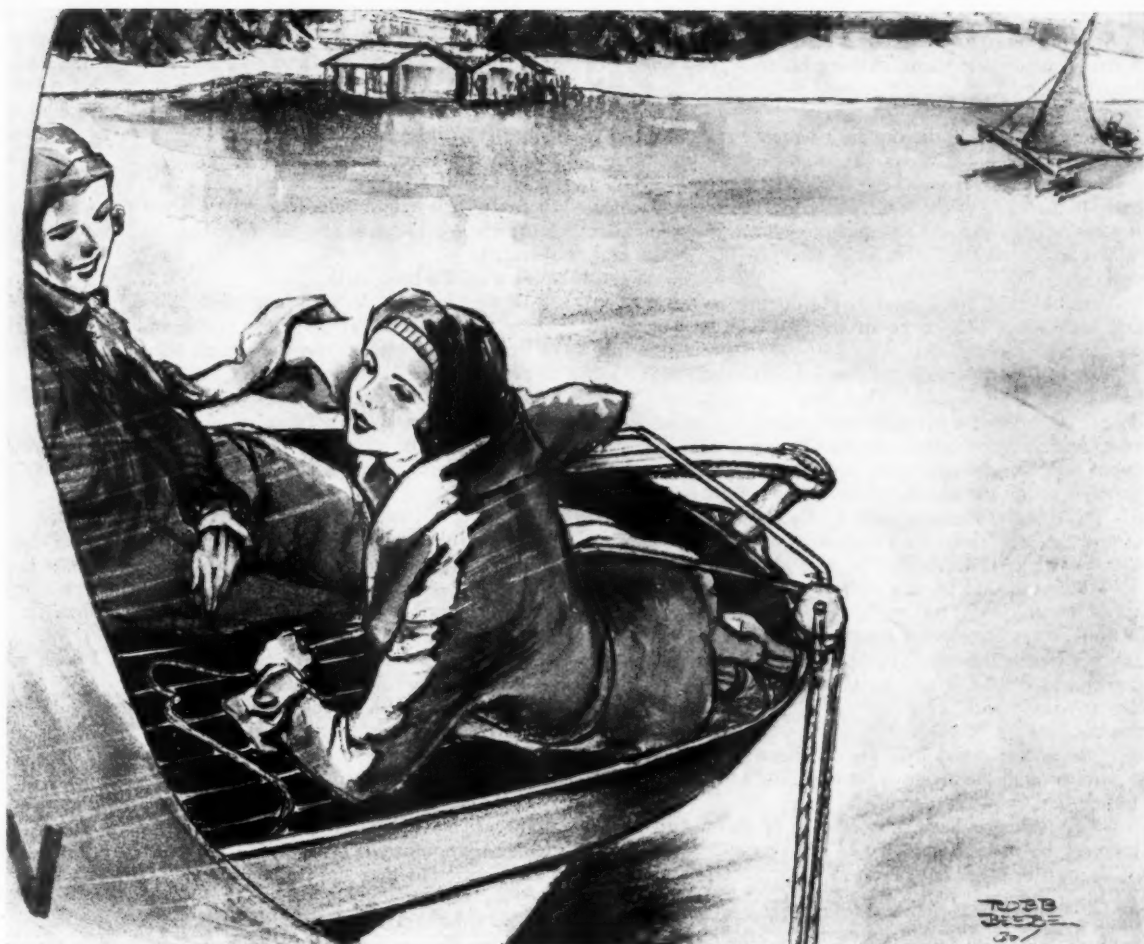
"That's plenty! Anybody want my place?"

"I do! I do!"

"Thanks, Brownie!"

Brownie loaded up again, sailed out and back, and now that the first stampede was over, called to her particular chum, Kate Fallow: "Want to ride second man in a race against Val? He's going to take old Chut for mate."





## of Her Life

By VIOLET M. IRWIN

"Fair enough!" laughed Kate. "The dog's your weight and I'm about Val's!" Kate's size was one of the school's standing jokes. She came from southern California and looked every bit as luscious, big and blonde as the best Californian fruit.

"We're sure to win," Brownie continued. "Poor Val, his old boat can't sail in the same class as *Shark's Fin*, but I guess we're the best fun he has these days, so we'll hop to it."

The weather had set in clear after Christmas, with wonderful hard frost and no snow to speak of. The ice lay flat as a pancake, its sparkling surface banded with thin drifts offering little resistance to the heavy skates on which the ice boats ran. The horizon, where lay the open water of the lake, was broken by scattered hummocks—walls and igloos built by fishermen to screen them from the bitter blast. It was fun to sail up close to these, silent as a ghost, and whiz by at terrific speed, startling the squatters on the other side. Brownie thought it far more exciting than races in which she had to contrive to lose once in a while. So, when Val was satisfied and had gone off with Chut, she swung merrily into the new game.

"Watch me now," she cried, as the boat drew up on a small shelter.

Faster—nearer—zip! and they were past. Kate, looking toward the stern, could see two startled faces, pipes in

mouths, eyes wide and angry, fading into the distance.

"That was a wow! My, but didn't they look surprised!"

The *Shark's Fin* came about under Brownie's expert hand.

"Let's try that V wall," Kate pointed at a substantial wind-break far out on their right. Brownie headed toward it—headed so straight for it that her companion cried apprehensively:

"I say, don't try to run it down. That's a heavy wall."

The captain laughed. "Never fear. But I'm going to give this fellow a good scare. Just watch me trim his whiskers!"

They were whirling down the angle of the V, almost along its edge and fast as an express train, when suddenly a stooped figure moved out from behind the snow.

Instantly Brownie threw the rudder over, hauled in her sheet. The boat lurched to its side. The man seemed to shrink up like a dried apple. He threw himself prone—right under them. Zip! They were safely by, but that high skate, reared off the ice, must have passed above his body. Only his mad dive had saved a crash and an accident.

Brownie's muscles all went to jelly. The sheet slackened, their pace died. "I might have killed him!" she gasped through a dry throat.

"What did he want to play 'possum' for?" Kate sounded indignant but her face was almost as white as snow. Her eyes, round and frightened, stared back at the V wall. "He's

all right. He's getting up." She kept her eyes glued on him. Brownie turned to look. The man was already standing waving his arms at them, shaking his fist. They could not hear his words, but the air seemed to stream more warmly from that quarter.

"No harm done!" the captain's sentence rushed out on a great sigh of relief. "We ought to go back and apologize."

They could see, from where they were, that he had built a camp in the angle of the wall; and it would have been amusing to visit the camp, had not his violence alarmed them. When at last he started walking after the boat, Kate said, shakily:

"I think we'd better beat it. He doesn't need any help, and—it's about time to go in anyway, or it will be when we get back."

Two badly frightened girls sailed to shore, laid up the boat and climbed the bluff. Their hearts palpitated fearfully. The stern and awful Miss Harkness merely tolerated the ice boat, and the least bit of trouble about it would cut them out of their finest winter sport. Minds were preoccupied with whether or not the old fisher would lay a complaint.

"You'd better come to Lulu Cuff's tea," Kate suggested after a bit. And Brownie's answer showed how severe the shock had been:

"I didn't intend to, it's such swell ice. But—I mean—maybe I will."

Lulu, a day-girl, living near the school, made life easier for her classmates with these bi-monthly spreads where homemade delicacies and music, and sometimes a boy or two to dance with, relieved the occasional monotony of boarding school life. That day's entertainment was particularly successful, yet, as Brownie and Kate walked home arm in arm through the early winter dusk, the former almost regretted her "wasted" afternoon.

"We may never have another spell of weather like this! Just feel the wind, Kate."

"It must be a gale on the ice."

"It's a humdinger of a hurricane. Gosh! How I wish I could go sailing."

"But—it's dark already," Kate hastily pointed out.

"Not yet—not on the ice. Let's just go over and look at it. Maybe we'll meet Miss Winkle; she often walks on the bluff."

"Have we time? Remember your punctuality button."

"That's all right. I'm keeping the gilded spurs in mind." Brownie consulted her watch. "We have a whole twenty minutes."

Harkness Hall, standing isolated on its high ground never escaped an inch of weather. The wind was blowing great guns on its lawns, and fairly blew the two girls across to

the bluff. The great sheet of snowy ice and the sky seemed to have collected between them all the remnants of departing day, and stretched fully visible before Brownie's long eyes.

"Listen. That's Chut barking. Val must have stuck to it. Oh, don't I wish I had! It's elegant. What a fool I was to lose my nerve and go to a dizzy tea!"

The wind whisked the words from her lips. Standing there the girls had to brace themselves. Their party finery of georgette frocks blew around their legs like vapor. They shivered.

"I wish I'd been sailing!"

"Remember the V wall and wish again," said Kate. "Look. Isn't that it, far out, right in the middle by itself?"

Brownie concentrated on the remote white barricade indicated by Kate's pointing finger.

"I'm looking. And, say—see what's happened to it! We won't ever whiz past that again!"

The little snow corner was now cut off by a dark line lying between it and the shore, flung far across the ice like a great bow.

"Why not?" asked Kate, all unversed in winter lore.

"See that line? It's a crack in the ice. The little snow shelter on its big raft is moving out to the wild water. With this howling off-shore wind it will move quickly, and not too safely. The raft may break up. Goodbye!" she called, waving. "Goodbye, you little bad dream!"

"Our enemy will be sorry to lose his camp. I wish we could have gone to visit him!"

"Kate, you old dear, you are so domestic. Pots and pans thrill you, even over a camp stove on the ice!"

Kate changed the subject quickly: "I wonder if he came uptown and complained about us?"

Her companion ignored the horrible suggestion, and they stood watching. The crack looked wider already. The dog's fierce barking floated up to them. They could see Chut, now, racing out on the ice, Val following.

"Funny about dogs, isn't it? That barking sounds as if he scented trouble. I wonder what he sees from down there?"

As they watched, all at once, from behind the wall came a stooped figure. It looked very lonely in that eerie light, all

by itself on the rim of the vast ice field. The man gesticulated, as they had seen him do before, waving his arms. It seemed to Brownie that he was shaking his fist at her, though she knew they must be invisible, two dark spots on the dark shore. Well, at least he had not made trouble for them yet.

"Still in a bad temper," Kate said. "I wonder what he's cross about now?"

"The crack—" Brownie began, and very swiftly real- (Continued on page 30)



VAL HELPED THE GIRLS TO PUSH OUT THE "SHARK'S FIN" AND TO SHAKE HER CANVAS LOOSE

# Let's Give a Play

By OLEDA SCHROTTKY

*Illustration by Cornelia Brownlee*



WE WERE PIONEERS IN COMMUNITY DRAMA—THE CHILDREN ACROSS THE STREET AND I. EVERYONE PARTICIPATED, EVEN THE ANIMALS

**M**AYBE you can't remember the time when you first said, "Let's give a play." I have no recollection of such an anniversary, but I do remember having usually to take a part in which I was not greatly interested. Because I was big, I was always given responsible and noble characters to portray, so that I got bored constantly protecting lives and people.

The three children across the street, two of them boys, had dogs and I cherished a gray kitten and an orangy-colored pup. Bob and Bennie, the dogs across the way, loved to be in things, so did my kitten, but my orangy beast refused to cooperate. He wouldn't even stay on the raft, better known as our Gallant Ship, that sailed the quiet brook, turned into a roaring stream full of rapids and other hazards to meet our needs. What fun Rover missed. The hawthorn's silvery blossoms turned to mountains of snow, the sweet shrubs became the bank jungles, and as for the gentle brown cow grazing upon the hillsides—well, she was a mad, snorting lion about to spring.

Bobbie, the biggest dog, barked when urged on by the boys, in a manner that no bloodhound living or dead could imitate. This started the kitten hissing, someone shouted orders and the expedition usually ended with me in the brook. This was tragic because it stopped the show, and all concerned themselves with the business of drying me and scraping off mud.

Then came such a fuss because of some crazy rule none of us ever could remember, about not playing in the ravine when you were "dressed up". We seemed possessed. Every time someone put good clothes on us the pioneer or pirate bug seized us.

The little girl—Sister she was called—and I had secret aspirations to be princesses and ladies and hoped the boys would agree to knighthood if not a kingship, but they were always disgusted with the idea and Sister and I sometimes lost their companionship for a bit because of our soft ways.

Consequently the male choice was accepted quietly rather than not to be allowed to play at all. A few times I did get a chance to wear the coveted crown, but Sister usually had to content herself with dressing up in cast-off boy's clothing.

Regardless of our hidden aspirations and high notions we had fun doing the things in which the boys and animals, except Rover, were happy. You simply could not count Rover. He was not an actor, he wasn't even interested, he had no taste for drama. His greatest enthusiasm was to run after the grocer's cart, so I gathered that Rover liked more action, noise and position than our choice of plays provided. We had no stars, no one shone particularly, all of us were equally important.

Not considering my dog then, we were pioneers in community drama. Everyone interested participated, even the animals. Costumes were wonderful: a sweater frontside back, a cocked straw hat, sticks and broom handles for guns, bare legs or one pair of rubber boots (these did for four pairs of feet), neckerchiefs perhaps, and we were most anything. Choice bits were hoarded for our plays: beads, furniture, mittens, rubbers—ours was a forehanded group, thrifty-eyed, excellent qualities. So much for costumes and properties.

We needed no lighting, for it was either good, bad or indifferent weather, and our plays were chosen to suit the mood of the day, just as the electrician today carries out a lighting plot for that same purpose.

Many years have flown between those days and this, and great changes have come about in the theater, but in the professional field I find myself still applying those ideas we children had so very long ago.

When I am asked to suggest plays, and that happens many times a day, I always say—"Tell me why you wish to give a play? Is it to entertain younger children, or is it for adults; for school, church, or club; or your (Continued on page 48)



# The Bound Girl Polly

MISS ANGELICA CARY sat on the gallery of her grandmother's home in Richmond and

waited for Mam'zelle Dupré to come by on her way to Miss Maury's Seminary for Young Gentlewomen, where she taught French to the young gentlewomen, of whom Angelica was one.

Now that Angelica's father, Dr. Cary, was married to Cousin Camilla, who—through Angelica's instrumentality—was saved from the disgrace of becoming a confirmed old maid of twenty-five, there was no longer need for Angelica to be at home to manage the small brothers and sisters, called by her "The Children." So they had sent her to Richmond, to live with her grandmother and go to school, as befitted a person entering her teens.

Of course, she should be happy—only she wasn't, a bit. Life was dull, dull as ditch water, in Richmond!

"What li'l Missy natchully craves is somebody to boss," Aunt Nectarine, Grandmother's maid, confided to her mistress. "She missin' de chillun, and she misses de plantation folks, and de house folks—her mammy, and de cook, and de ca'iage driver, and de boy dat cleaned de knives, and de house gals. She usen to bossin' 'em all, even de doctor, and she lonesome for some bossin', ole Miss, and dat's de truth."

"She didn't eat her ice cream for supper," mused Grandmother, who sat before her mirror and watched Nectarine brush her white hair with long, even strokes that made it shine like silver. "I wish I could get the child interested in some of the girls at school. She hasn't made a single friend except Mam'zelle."

Nectarine chuckled richly. "Dat 'cause dey all don't need bossin', and dat little ole French lady, she need somebody to make folks understand dat lingo she talk. Li'l Missy, she proud to do it."

"The child certainly learns French easily," conceded Grandmother, "and I'm glad she likes her teacher, who is a lady, really."

Outside, the lady in question paused at the gate and waved to Angelica, who skipped down the broad flagged walk and joined her. "Bon jour, mademoiselle," she greeted the teacher, in careful French, adding, in colloquial English, "I bet you've been spending the night with the old French ladies, 'cause you are a whole two minutes slow."

"You guessed rightly, *cherie*," beamed Mam'zelle, "and I bring you ze—invite?"

"No'm, invitation," corrected her pupil. "What did they invite me to, Mam'zelle?" she added.

By ANNE McQUEEN

"To ze *petit souper*—what you call tea, on nex' Friday, to go wiz me, and have *patisseries*—ze little cakes for ze

parties no one can make like ze French."

"I'll like them," decided Angelica, emphatically, "and anything else good they have. Ice cream, maybe, Mam'zelle?"

"*Oui*," nodded Mam'zelle. "Zat Polly, ze bound girl, she is a wonder cook! Let us hurree, *cherie*, we are late."

"Grandmother," queried Angelica that evening, when she sat at supper in the great dining room in her grandmother's house, waited upon by old Uncle Zealand, "what is a bound girl?"

"Rice-bread, missy?" whispered Uncle Zealand, in his company voice, holding a silver dish right under Angelica's nose.

"No, thank you, Uncle Zealand. And I don't want any creamed chicken, or waffles, or fig preserves, or ham, or anything I'm used to. I want some *patisseries*. Grandmother, what is a bound girl?"

"A girl who is bound out to work for people in return for her board and clothes, until she is twenty-one. And what do you know about French pastry, may I ask?" Grandmother, sitting in the high backed ebony chair at the head of her table, twinkled as she asked this question.

"Nothing. But I will next Friday, if you let me accept an invitation to tea at the old French ladies' house."

"Miss M'ree and Miss Marty Lacoste? Why, they used to make bonnets for me when I was a girl. I've heard they

Illustrations by

Joan Esley



"I BROUGHT OVER MY NEW ONE, WHICH ANGELICA SAID RAPIDLY, UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM. "AND I GOT SAMPLES, TOO."



are really very well off, now, and haven't worked, of course, in a long time. Past seventy, both of them. How did you come to know about them, and how does it happen they've invited you to tea?"

"Well, Mam'zelle knows them very well, and I happened to mention that I'd like to go there, and have *patisseries* that their bound girl Polly makes like folks over in France. And Mam'zelle says if I call them, as she does, Mam'zelle Marie and Mam'zelle Marthe, they'll like it. And maybe," she added, hopefully, "their bound girl Polly will write me out her recipe, so's we can have something else besides waffles and pound cake, and things."

"In other words, you fished openly for an invitation," laughed Grandmother, who was always a good-humored lady. "You may go—and fetch home the *patisseries* recipes, if you can get them."

Friday was to be a red letter day for Angelica; she had the tea at the old French ladies' to look forward to, and besides, that morning, she received a big box from home.

"Isn't Cousin Camilla the best stepmother in the world!" crooned Angelica, as she pounced on the tissue-wrapped parcel within and drew forth the long-cherished desire of her heart, a blue silk dress, lovely as the deepest summer sky, caught up at the shoulders of the white lace bertha with tiny pink rosebuds, while a deep lace flounce was festooned with garlands of them. It was a party dress that was just the prettiest, Angelica decided, that any young gentlewoman of her age ever possessed!

"Camilla is a darling," murmured Grandmother, approvingly, "but sinfully extravagant. Much too fine for a child of your age, Angelica. Mercy, what else has the woman sent!" And she peeped into the gift box on the table.

"She's sent a string of rosy, rosy coral beads! And a fan,

with cupids painted on it! And a lace handkerchief, like a grown-up lady's!" breathed Angelica, blissfully. "Grandmother, I'm certainly glad I made the match between her and Father!"

She told Mam'zelle about the dress that afternoon when the two went decorously along the shaded sidewalks, on their way to the old French ladies' house. "And Grandmother says she will just be compelled to give me a party, so's I can wear it. And if she does, she says I can invite my company, so I'm inviting you the first one, Mam'zelle."

"Ah," breathed Mam'zelle, "ze kind breast you have, my leetle one! I will be so happy."

"Kind heart, you mean, Mam'zelle," explained Angelica. "Our hearts are inside our breasts, you know."

"Ah, what would I do wizout you to help me, *cherie*," acknowledged Mam'zelle gratefully, and Angelica's heart within her own small breast swelled triumphantly—she had Mam'zelle to help—and there were the old French ladies, and maybe the bound girl Polly. Prospects were looking brighter for Angelica.

The old French ladies sat on their vine-covered porch, ready to greet their guests. They both rose and advanced to the porch steps when Mam'zelle and Angelica entered the gate of the little pale-in yard.

They were lovely! Angelica knew at first glance that she could be enormously helpful to them, if a chance should arise—and there were always chances to help people. She shook hands with the two tall old ladies, dressed carefully in black silk gowns that were, indeed, very old-fashioned, yet somehow possessing a certain elegance—*un air de grande dame*, Mam'zelle would call it. Fichus of fine old lace adorned their bodices and they wore long, thin gold chains with little watches tucked in their belts, and their caps were wonderful!

"Prettier than the one old Mrs. Hayes sent Grandmother from Paris, when she went abroad," decided Angelica, mentally taking notes of their headdresses while she shook hands and murmured politely that she was so pleased to be invited to tea. They were lavender and old lace headdresses, with pink rosebuds, set on top of the old ladies' silvery curls, hanging coquettishly over their ears.

"Such a dear little girl," murmured the old ladies, shaking their silvery curls, so that their cap ribbons rustled beautifully, "and so kind to come and see us, just two old, old ladies!"

They beamed on her, as she sat in a low bentwood chair with a cane seat—a chair made for people who did not have very long legs. Angelica decided that it had come from France.

"I thank you kindly," she smiled, "and I love old ladies. But Mam'zelle told me there was your bound girl Polly, too, living with you."

"Ah, yes," they said, amiably—they always spoke together, it seemed to Angelica, "our little Polly, who makes the tea. She will come presently."

Then they talked to Mam'zelle while Angelica became absorbed in watching a canary in one cage and a parrot in another, on opposite ends of the porch.



IS QUITE FASHIONABLE, THEY SAY,"  
THE LOVELY DRESS AND HOLDING IT UP  
I THINK POLLY WILL LIKE THE PINK"

"Avast there, you lubber!" croaked the parrot, raucously. "Sweet—sweet—sweet!" trilled the canary. Angelica could not decide which she liked better. Then both paused, and she listened to the conversation between the human beings.

It was very interesting. The old French ladies were telling Mam'zelle, speaking in English, for they were too polite to speak a foreign language before their young guest, about a letter they had lately received from their cousin in France, offering to let them adopt one of his daughters.

"Bearing the names of Marie-Marthe," said Miss M'ree, who seemed the elder. "Of course, dear friends, we never gave it a thought before, but our cousin, Jacques—"

"Hearing that we had saved a competence," put in Miss Marthe, "and being himself impoverished, as all of France, alas, is these days, he thinks we need a prop in our declining years."

"Yes, yes. Our bound girl Polly has been with us so long, that we have never missed such a prop, really. But a relative, bearing our name, and penniless—"

"Our cousin Jacques, of course, wishes us to send money to buy a traveling trousseau, pay her fare on the steamer and take care of other incidentals—"

"In these days a young lady may travel alone. Marthe and I wish to consult Father Dubois about the propriety, but he is away on a mission."

Just here the hall doors opened, and the bound girl Polly appeared, pushing a tea wagon.

"Tea, ladies," said Polly, and smiled upon them all, longest and friendliest upon Angelica. "And I hope that the French pastries are good."

Angelica rose and extended her hand. "I am Angelica Cary," she said, clearly—she wanted to remind Mam'zelle that she had overlooked her introduction—"and I am pleased to meet you. I'd like to know your whole name, too."

"Mary Martha O'Brien," smiled Polly, showing very white teeth. "That is what the priest christened me, but Miss M'ree and Miss Marty, and everybody, call me Polly."

She was older than Angelica. Her hair was black, and crisped so Angelica knew it would curl as well as her own blonde locks, if a bound girl needed curls. At present she wore it in two tight plaits, tied together with a narrow black ribbon. Her eyes were blue with black lashes and her complexion was clear, and freckled a bit. Her nose, Angelica decided, was lovely, and she envied Polly its possession. It was just tip-tilted the least bit, and saucy-looking. Decidedly, Polly was good looking, even if she did have tight plaits, and wore a homespun frock and a long white apron, like a grown-up. And her calfskin shoes clumped when she walked. Still, there were possibilities, decidedly, if one had the chance to try them.

In a few moments the young visitor was deeply absorbed in her pastries, small, crunchy cakes that you bit into and found the most surprising fillings—whipped cream, deliciously flavored, fresh strawberries, crushed peaches, jam. Angelica, crunching happily, was able to taste the different varieties, for they were so small and so light, like feathers.

It was the loveliest tea Angelica had ever been to, as well as the first! And she openly enjoyed every minute of it, too.

She thanked the old French ladies prettily, and she begged them to tell Polly goodbye. And might she call again and get the recipes for the *patisseries*, if they would be so kind?

The old ladies were charmed, and assured her that they would write out the recipes very carefully, Polly might make mistakes.

"And how did the old ladies look? And were the *patisseries* as good as you thought they'd be?" asked Grandmother when she returned.

"They were lovely—and I am to get the recipes tomorrow, Grandmother. And the bound girl Polly is pretty."

Of course she went, accompanied by Nectarine, and enjoyed her visit, which was prolonged, for she went out into the backyard and conversed with the bound girl Polly who was busy slipping paper cones over the bunches of grapes ripening on the vine that covered a dead pear tree, so the birds couldn't eat them.

Polly had never been to a party, no indeed! And Miss M'ree and Miss Marty had taken her as a bound girl when her mother died, right after her father, when there was an epidemic of typhoid.

"You love them like your own mother, Polly?" Angelica asked, anxiously.

"Yes, indeed, like *two* mothers," laughed Polly, showing all her lovely white teeth in a way Angelica envied, and decided to copy. "Then," she asked, logically, "why shouldn't they love you like a daughter?"

Oh, but they did, declared Polly, and she just a bound girl. And wouldn't Angelica like a rose? It came from the moss rosebush that had come over from France, like the old grapevine.

Miss Marthe, who had kept books when the sisters had a shop, wrote out the recipes in her best hand. And, with the recipes, they gave Angelica a basket filled daintily with the little cakes, as samples, sending them to Grandmother, with their compliments.

"Let's have some at my party, Grandmother," asked Angelica, "and, please, may I invite their bound girl Polly?"

Grandmother was a great admirer of the doctrines of Mr. Jefferson, who wrote, in the Constitution, that all men are born free and equal. Grandmother, somebody had said, saw potential friends in all respectable people.

"Certainly, honey, if you think she will be presentable. I'd hate to see anybody's feelings hurt at your party. But I know Miss Marty used to be a dressmaker—"

"And if they had a pattern, and somebody to tell them what material to buy, I bet they could make a dandy dress," put in Angelica, who had been pondering on a certain possibility. "May I take over my party dress for them to see? I'd like Polly to look real pretty, if she is a bound girl. I—I have a *purpose* in it, Grandmother."

"Now I wonder what bee is buzzing in your curly pate," mused Grandmother, with a twinkle. "But Polly is no special friend of yours. Why should you want her to be dressed so very much like you, to look like your counterpart?"

"Is that a twin, sort of? Well, (Continued on page 33)



ANGELICA AND MAM'ZELLE WALKED DECOROUSLY ALONG

# With Skis and Skates

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*



*Illustrations by  
Katherine Shane Busbnell*

EVERY little sport now has a costume all its own, the up-to-date yardsticks for sports clothes being practicality, picturesqueness and pocketbook.

The less you need to wear, naturally, the easier and cheaper it is to dress. That's why summer sports clothes are usually comparatively inexpensive and at the same time well suited to their activities. In the winter it is more difficult, for bundling up is not helpful to style nor to the free use of the body. Yet winter sports clothes must be warm as well as *chic*. And above all they must not cost out of proportion to their small specialized use.

With the rapid growth of winter sports in the last few years, a great deal of expert thought has been put to the subject of clothing them, and certain rules have been evolved by the method of trial and error.

For skating, for example, the flared moderately short skirt has been accepted as most graceful as well as convenient. With this is worn a heavy shaker knit sweater, a snug leather coat or some similar garment which gives warmth without too much bulk, and also keeps for the upper part of the body the slim snug silhouette so attractive with the flared skirt and so suitable to the graceful flying motion of the figure. The skirt, worn with a leather jacket and beret, is shown at the right, above. The rather new chamois blouses or vests are excellent windbreakers and may be used under a cloth jacket for warmth and style. Under a leather jacket a turtle neck sweater is good looking and practical. Wool stockings as well as heavy wool socks are almost

necessary. Socks, mittens, scarf and cap may be had in gay colors. The head covering should be small and snug, to give the most comfort as well as style.

For the smart girl tramper, golfer or motorist there is a handy short rubber coat which makes a grand combination with a cravanetted skirt. The skirt—illustrated at left, above—is of dark green waterproofed material like the ski suit shown below and may be combined with the ski blouse and cap to make a practical skating costume. The rubber coat which the girl in the picture wears with the skirt, is fastened with zippers, and folds and packs handily into a small rubber zipper bag.

The favorite skiing costume is a pair of long trousers with snug ankle bands and a matching blouse and cap. The one illustrated is of dark green waterproofed material with effective appliqué of red, yellow (Continued on page 46)



*Costumes by  
B. Altman  
and Company,  
New York*



Illustrations by  
Harvé Stein



*For what has happened  
so far in this story,  
see page forty-one*

LADY KATHERINE STOOD BEFORE HIM. "WHAT DO YOU WANT AT SUCH AN HOUR, VILLON?" SHE SAID

**S**O!" SAID Perrot softly. He glowered darkly upon the weeping child standing before him. Then he raised his hand and brought it full across the little, wet face. The sound re-echoed in the silent room. André lifted his eyes in time to see little Kate stagger. As he started to his feet, she crumpled to the floor.

"Pigs! Pigs!" screamed the boy. He ran to Kate and half carried, half dragged her to a bench in a corner of the room.

"Bah!" said Perrot. "Casin, fetch Jacques now and we'll get this accursed boy out of my inn today!"

Casin Choller grinned and nodded in high approval. When he had gone silence fell on the unwholesome room. André by whispering Kate's name over and over again

Then, raging, he limped to it and peered out. The others heard his voice change from a snarl to one of surprised relief. "It is you," he cried. Another voice laughed, a careless and gallant voice. "It is I, monsieur!"

Kate started to her feet. "François!" her wild heart sang. "It is François!"

"Villon!" said Guillaume gladly.

The slight, familiar, green-clad figure strolled into the room. "Good evening, all!" said François Villon. His eyes swept the room. He saw Kate trembling in her corner with white and anguished face uplifted. He saw André proudly facing the redoubtable Jacques and Perinet averting his face in shame. He saw Guillaume's terror and Perrot's unholy joy. His eye took it all in at one devastating glance.

## *The final chapters of*

finally brought her back to consciousness. She opened wide, terror-stricken eyes. "André! What shall we do? André, you are lost!" she moaned.

"If Jacques takes you I shall die," she went on, shuddering. "Oh, if François were only here! He would protect you!"

"Hush!" sobbed André suddenly.

There was a knocking upon the door. Perrot, opening it, admitted Casin and — Jacques Bevelier. Jacques was a most horrible looking creature. Beside him even Guillaume seemed inoffensive. He was monstrous and bulky, a very giant of a man. His face was fat and distorted by a long scar that ran across from cheek to brow and gave his nose the odd appearance of having been sliced in half.

"You are ready?" he asked curtly.

Guillaume rubbed his fat hands together. "André!" he called.

André forced his head erect. Stiffly he crossed to the horrible giant.

Jacques laughed grimly. "So your parents will not buy you back? We shall see if I can perhaps persuade them!"

"The fifty gold crowns?" hinted Guillaume.

Jacques laughed again. "I take André now! The money will be sent around tomorrow morning!"

Immediately they knew quite as well as if the leering Jacques had told them, that the gold would never be delivered! Yet knowing this they dared not speak. Only their furious breathing spoke for them.

Someone knocked at the door. It was a tense moment. Perrot jumped and swore.



# Vagabond's Ward

By MARJORIE  
PROVOST

"Ah, François, you arrive in time to hear Jacques' offer! He will buy André for fifty crowns!" said Guillaume eagerly.

Villon stopped. His lip twitched nervously. "Now?" he asked.

"I take the brat now and send the gold tomorrow," boomed Jacques.

Something leaped in Villon's eyes. Now he understood his companions' uneasiness! "Messire!" he cried gaily. "That is not the way we do business here!"

Jacques stared at the intrepid Villon for a long moment. "You will not *trust* me?" he asked.

"No, messire!" said Villon. As if by accident his hand rested lightly upon the dagger at his belt.

They stared at one another, the murderer and the poet. Then Jacques said: "I will come back with the gold at dawn."

Villon laughed and bowed. "Very well, messire!"

The big rogue stared fixedly at him. "Take care of your throat, François Villon!" he said as he went out the door. When he had gone the room broke into a babble of voices.

"The pig! He would have cheated us!" shouted Perrot shaking his fist in the direction of the vanquished enemy.

Villon turned to André who was staring at him with all of his soul in his boy eyes. He flung a comradely arm about the ragged shoulders. "Come," he said and drew the boy away.

"Villon is mad!" said Guillaume smugly.

"Ah!" said Casin Chollet. "I—am—not—so—sure—of—that!"

Meanwhile Villon spoke rapidly and in a low voice to the children. "Listen to me, Kate, André! I will save you! I will save you both! Do not be frightened that I leave you. I will come back at dawn and take you away. You trust me?"

"With all my heart!" said André.

"Oh, yes," sobbed Kate.

Villon nodded. Then he sauntered to the door. "Let me out, Perrot."

"Wherefore?" asked the innkeeper.

Villon's eyes danced. "Oh, I will be back at dawn! I go to see my godfather. To thank him for my pardon and mayhap to borrow a crown!"

As Perrot unlocked the door, Villon glanced fleetingly at the children. "Until dawn!" he said in a debonair manner.

Night had fallen. The Cloister of St. Benoît swam in murky blackness. It being a most respectable street, all of the houses were closed and darkened even this early.

A slight figure muffled in a cloak crept along this inky lane. It moved stealthily, surely, until at last it came to a house set a bit apart from its neighbors—finer and bigger with a door painted scarlet. It rapped sharply at this door which was opened by a little withered bit of an ancient man who peered doubtfully out.

"Who be you that comes at such an hour?" he quavered, in fearful tones.

The figure uncovered its face. "It is I, Pierre," he whispered. It was Villon. "Send for your mistress, I would speak with her," he said. "Tell her I have urgent business."

Alone in the great hallway, he sank upon a metal chest and rested his face in his hands. To come so near the land of heart's desire—he felt incredibly weary even though all of his veins were singing. So he sat with shoulders bowed until suddenly a rustle of silk caught his ear. He sprang to his feet and stared with all of his heart in his green eyes.

Katherine de Vancelles had stopped halfway down the stairway. Her hand was upon her heart as if she could go no farther. Otherwise, she looked composed, even stern.

After a long moment she spoke. "What do you want at such an hour, François?"

"No word of greeting even after all these years?" he asked.

"What shall I say? What is there to say between you and me?" she demanded passionately.

Villon's face changed, grew sardonic. "Ah well, no matter!" he shrugged. "I have come on serious business, Katherine. It is about your young friend—André de Gressert."



KATE GAZED SHYLY AT THE COUNT. "I AM GRATEFUL," SHE SAID WITH DIGNITY

Katherine started, her eyes widened in uncontrolled astonishment. "André?" she whispered. "André de Gressert!" "Yes."

"You mean it? You have found him? You will restore him to Margaret, to his mother? She—her heart is breaking, François! You will restore him?"

Villon arched speculative brows. "At a price," he admitted coolly.

Katherine's face flushed furiously. "François!" she gasped. "Not—you would not compel me to wed with you? Even for André, I—"

"Stop!" said Villon in a shaking voice. "You will never understand me; will you, Katherine? I would not have you love me unwillingly. My price is not that."

"Then what, François?"

Villon walked restlessly up and down the hall before he replied. "There is small time to be lost," he said at last. "At dawn André is to be sold to one who will stop at nothing to gain his ends. I could not touch him after that. There is a child, a small girl child. I call her my ward. She was kidnapped when an infant and knows nothing of her family. But blood as good, if not better than your own, runs in her veins. My price is this. I will restore André to the bosom of his family if the count will consent to adopt my little Kate and rear her as his own daughter!"

"You are mad!" cried Katherine. "A child of the gutter could never be trained—"

"Why not if she has gentle instincts? Ah, Katherine, methinks your heart is dead! Will you not take me to this count? For André? It is his last chance."

Katherine hesitated. "François, I—"

"His last chance!" repeated Villon.

Suddenly she gave in. "Wait!" she said hurriedly. "It is a chance. The count might do that. Tell Pierre to send for my chair while I get a cloak."

Shortly all was ready. Katherine, in a sober cloak, stepped into her chair and they started. Villon walked quietly beside the chair, a meditative expression upon his thin face. Once he looked fleetingly at Katherine. At length they arrived at their destination.

It took only a moment to arouse the ever anxious household. Lights flared, voices sounded. Mario, trembling with excitement, admitted them and led them to the hall, half illuminated by hastily lit candles.

Villon gave it a swift comprehensive glance. Then he turned to the count. The latter, stern and self possessed, surveyed the fantastic figure of Villon with calm, critical eyes. Beside him, pale, and trembling with eagerness, stood Margaret.

"This, messire, is Villon, the poet," faltered Katherine. "So?" the count thawed. "I have heard of you. You come about André?"

François glanced at the Countess Margaret beneath his lashes. She was almost fainting and she leaned against her husband for support.

"Yes," he said. "I have come about André. I am not his kidnaper, you will understand. I lean to many things, but not to that. However, I have been thrown, by fate or what you will, into André's company. I like and pity him. He is to be sold tomorrow because you would not ransom him. The man who is buying him is a vicious brute. If you do not

comply with his villainous desires he will murder the—"

"No!" cried the countess in a terrible voice. "Oh, no!" Villon hesitated. He looked almost gentle. "I can rescue him, madame. I will—on one condition. It is so small a thing," said the poet wistfully.

"At the inn where your son lies imprisoned there is a child. A girl child. She was kidnaped in infancy and her abductor died of a chance wound before he could reveal her degree and identity to his comrades. Hence there is naught to know of her except that she be of noble family." He paused breathlessly.

"This is something beside the point," said the count icily.

"No, messire! Such a small, wise girl child! So gentle and defenseless and yet brave! She saved your son's life from the fever."

"Well?"

"My boon is this. Adopt the little Kate and I will restore André to you!" cried Villon challengingly.

"You are mad!" said the count, in echo though he knew it not.

But Margaret stretched out her hands. "Raoul! This, in all pity, you must do! It is so small a thing compared to André's life. To my son's—" but her quivering voice snapped and she could not go on.

The count hesitated. "Why—why do you care so much for a beggar child?" he asked Villon.

"Precisely because she is not a beggar child, *monsieur le comte*," retorted the poet.

"André had fever?" asked the countess faintly.

Villon bowed. "*Mais oui, madame.*"

"Fever! Neglected, starved, too?"

"Yes, madame! This child whom your husband hesitates to admit into his family, risked her own life to save André's. You need not fear her coarseness. She is a lady in her own right."

"Oh, Raoul, can you not?" implored Margaret.

The count nodded. "I yield," he said brokenly. "You can bring him tonight?"

"Before dawn," said Villon softly.

The other turned his face away.

"Then I shall go. There is no time to be lost," said Villon promptly.

He turned to Katherine. "Will you have me escort you home?"

Katherine hesitated. "My uncle will wonder. I would not have him worry," she said oddly.

Then they were out in the night again. Only a scant half hour and they paused before the house with the scarlet door. Villon stood waiting beside the chair. As a footman opened the door, he held out his hands. Katherine flushed faintly. Then, after a moment, she gave him her hands and he lifted her out.

Standing they gazed gravely at each other.

"You have been very kind," said Katherine in a small voice.

"Then—" oh, the quiver in that silver voice! "It is only *au revoir*, Katherine?"

Katherine shook her head. She was very pale. "The past can never be mended, François. It is goodbye."

The poet flinched. "Then goodbye, Katherine," he said unsteadily.

The next moment he had gone.

Meanwhile at The Inn of the Golden Sow, an air of lowering expectancy prevailed. Perrot sat hunched up behind the bar, his one eye burning angrily. Guillaume yawned complacently over a mug of ale (Continued on page 38)



## To Electra

I DARE not ask a kiss,  
I dare not beg a smile,  
Lest having that, or this,  
I might grow proud the while.  
  
No, no, the utmost share  
Of my desire shall be  
Only to kiss that air  
That lately kissed thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

# "You Are Cordially Invited—"

**F**EBRUARY is the banner party-month. Three occasions offer special opportunities and, as a result of the competition, appropriate party games are at a premium. In the following suggestions you may find just the thing to help give your friends a good time. Suggestions for the decorations and menus are the special province of Miss Moses so all we'll consider here is the entertainment part of the party.

*The Adjective Speech* is a good game for Lincoln's Birthday and can be relied on to break any February ice that may have crept into the party. It needs very little preparation in advance. If you don't want to write an original speech for the occasion, all you have to do is copy out suitable parts of some politician's speech as reported in the newspaper, and omit all the adjectives. Select portions that have plenty of adjectives in originally so there will be plenty of blank spaces in your copy.

Then at the party, tell the guests you have a speech on such-and-such a subject, all finished and ready to deliver—except for the adjectives. Ask each guest in turn to give an adjective, complimentary or uncomplimentary, it makes no difference, and write it down into the blank space in the speech in order. Of course, your friends have no idea how the speech goes, nor whether the words they suggest fit. When all the blank spaces have been filled in this way, stand on a chair, or soap box, and read out the whole speech exactly as it stands. The chances are that most of the adjectives will be so inappropriate and surprising that the effect will be quite funny.

If you think your group is up to it, give them a questionnaire asking for the names of all the states that were in the Union at the beginning of the Civil War. A little prize might be given for all perfect lists. In any case, as soon as this is done, read out a complete list to be written down by all of them, ready to use in another game called *Geography*.

To begin this game, select a person who is good in geography to be "it", and send her out of the room. The rest of the crowd decide on the name of a place. It is understood the place must be in the states given in the above list. Let us suppose the name of the place is "Birmingham, Alabama."

The person who is "it" is called back into the room. The spokesman for the crowd tells her that they have the name of a place and it begins with "B".

She then tries to guess the word in as few questions as possible, asking one question of each player in turn, like this:

"Is it the name of a battlefield?" asks the person who is "it" of a player.

The player must always be specific in reply-



THE PENALTY MAY BE A PENNY PUT INTO THE TREASURE CHEST

By EDWARD LONGSTRETH

Illustrations by E. Brayton Evits



GUESTS LOVE TO MAKE PICTURE VALENTINES

ing to the question, like this: "No, it is not Bull Run." Players are given only a minute to answer, and if they cannot do so, the question goes on automatically to the next in turn. If a player cannot answer three times during the game, she must drop out and pay a penalty agreed on in advance. "Is it the name of a town?" the person who is "it" might ask. "No, it is not Buffalo," may be a fair answer.

Finally she may get very specific herself and ask: "Is it the name of a city in Alabama?" and be rewarded with "Yes, it is Birmingham." Then another becomes "it". But like all games, this one should be stopped the moment the players get tired of it.

Then you can try another game called *Numbers*, which is active and

noisy and a terrific test of quickness and concentration. Everyone is seated in a semicircle. The chairs are numbered from one up to as many as there are players seated in them. If a player sits in the sixth chair, she is number six only so long as she is sitting there.

Number one begins by calling a number, for example "four". The occupant of chair number four must immediately call out some other number, say, "seven", or even "one". And so on, each person occupying the chair number called, calling quickly some other number. But all numbers called must be within the range of numbers represented by the chairs.

If the wrong person answers, or if a person calls out her own number, or if through inattention there is too great a delay and the player fails to answer promptly—when any one of these three things happens, the player who misses must get up and go down to the end of the line and sit in that place. All others sitting below her former place, move up to close the gap. The game goes on at once without waiting to count out the new place-numbers. Of course, all those who have moved now have new numbers, taken from the number of the chair in which they sit. The game gets fast and furious and probably will end with everyone screaming and kicking on the floor in a fit of hysterics.

For Valentine's Day nothing is quite so much in the picture as *Picture Valentines*. If your party is not too large, give to each guest a small pair of scissors and one old copy of some bulky magazine, and a nice, large, heavy sheet of paper. They will also need a few pots of white paste among them, or better still, for it is easier to handle, a can of rubber cement. With this, paper can be stuck together and later peeled off; nor will it damage the furniture.

The object is for each contestant (Continued on page 32)



EACH GUEST SUPPLIES AN ADJECTIVE





THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS CHEESE, BACON, AND TOMATO ON TOAST IN THE MAKING, WITH ALL NECESSARY WORKING MATERIALS LAID OUT

# Cheese in Winter Menus

**M**Y first cheese dish—cheese, bacon and tomato on toast—is a universal favorite,

especially with hungry boys and girls. I am going to present it to you as the *pièce de résistance* of a winter or fireside picnic. The fireside picnic, by the way, is something almost new in the line of entertainment. It is a picnic supper served as a grand finale for a coasting, hiking, skating or movie party.

The time: A cold February night, lighted by the moon. The place: At home or camp, before an open fire, or around an outdoor bonfire. Any way you do it, it is lots of fun.

In this instance I shall give you a plan for the home fireside picnic, but it may be adapted to any of the other kinds.

The reason I have chosen this particular dish for this occasion is that it is hearty and wholesome; piquant in flavor and especially easy to prepare.

By WINIFRED MOSES

These are the preliminary steps to be taken before the party: Put the butter in a bowl and when it is soft

beat it with a fork until it is smooth and creamy. Slice or grate the cheese and cut the bread into slices a third of an inch thick. Wash and slice the tomatoes and put them on a plate and return them to the refrigerator until they are ready to use. The tomatoes may be omitted if they are not in season and either expensive or hard to get. Collect the bacon, the mustard and one or two shallow pans.

Now spread the bread with butter, add a dash of mustard and cover generously with sliced or grated cheese. Put in the pans, cover with a damp cloth and set away until ready to toast.

If you are going to picnic at camp or at the end of a hike, wrap each slice in waxed paper and carry along the tomatoes and bacon. Here you will need to have forked sticks for toasting or you may use a reflector oven.

If the party is scheduled for home you will find when the guests arrive that it is only a moment's work to put a slice of tomato and a strip of bacon on each slice of bread. Then put the pans into the oven, or under the broiling flame until the bread is toasted, the cheese melted, the tomatoes cooked and the bacon browned. This takes almost no time and they should be carefully watched so that they do not burn and should be served as soon as they are done.

With them serve cocoa or coffee, preferably the former, both because it is more wholesome than coffee and because it will serve as a sweet as well as a beverage. The cocoa should be prepared beforehand and (Continued on page 36)

## WINTER PICNIC MENU

*Cheese, bacon and tomato  
on toast*

*Hearts of celery*

*Cocoa*

*Apples or bananas*

## *Cheese, Bacon and Tomato on Toast*

1 loaf bread  
½ pound butter  
prepared mustard  
1 pound cheese  
4 or 5 tomatoes  
½ pound bacon

This recipe serves  
twenty-four persons.



IF THERE IS SNOW ON THE GROUND, YOU MAY HAVE LOTS OF FUN WITH SKIS

**S**O YOU'RE planning a winter hike. Your preparations must be more thorough than in the summer for cold weather brings peculiar hazards. In warm weather you may be rather casual about the route and the equipment carried and the clothes worn. But now you need to guard against such dangers as catching cold when you leave an artificially heated schoolroom and home for the woods.

The first step in planning your hike is to make a detailed plan of the route and the equipment that is necessary. It is also wise not to leave the schedule of the day to the whim of the moment. Decide beforehand what time you will eat, how long it will take to cook the lunch and what recreation you will enjoy. This will help to avoid those gaps of dullness that can so easily ruin any hike.

Eight is a good number for a hiking party—Girl Scouts especially think so, for that is the number in a patrol. A complete cooking set for eight comes packed in a strong khaki case with two straps for carrying it conveniently. But a word of warning here. This particular equipment is too heavy to be carried by any one girl. The ordinary girl should never carry anything weighing over ten pounds and it is wise for girls up to fourteen not to burden themselves with more than two or three pounds. If you decide to take the complete cooking equipment arrange to have a friend with a car leave the duffle near the place where you will cook lunch. This same guardian angel should take along any skis, snowshoes or toboggans. If there is no guardian angel, each girl ought to carry her own individual mess kit consisting of a frying pan, a cup, a fork, a spoon and a cooking pot, the lid of which is a plate. Then everyone will be well cared for.

# Your Winter Hikes

By MARGARET SPEER

A reflector oven, light enough to be carried by any girl, is a convenient addition to your hike. With it you can cook such delightful things as hot biscuits. And how good they do taste when eaten on a snowy hillside! Corn pone, too, is a delectable dish to be baked in a reflector oven. If you've once tried it you'll want it always.

## Corn Pone

3 cups yellow corn meal	1 teaspoonful salt
1 cup flour	8 tablespoonfuls fat ( $\frac{1}{2}$ cup)
8 teaspoonfuls baking powder	2 tablespoonfuls sugar
	4 cups water

Combine the dry ingredients and shortening. Stir in the water gradually, avoiding lumps, until the mixture is thick enough to drop from a spoon. For a crisp sheet fill the reflector pan half full.

Before starting out on the hike arrange every detail of the menu on paper and have the essential supplies on hand. A good menu for a winter picnic is bacon and fried eggs—the eggs may be cooked in the bacon fat—corn pone, cocoa, apples and cookies.

A grub stake isn't essential but it's a big help if you have only a little while to build a fire and cook lunch. This novel aid to picnickers is an iron stake with arms to hold a coffee pot and a frying pan or a griddle. It is more serviceable than any tripod.

Each girl on a hike ought to be responsible for her share of the work. The one who is in charge of the menu makes up a list of the necessary supplies. Another girl is the chief cook with three assistants. Two girls are assigned to the

posts of fire builder and wood gatherer, while somebody boils the drinking water for twenty minutes if it hasn't been carried from home in a canteen.

If there is snow on the ground you may have lots of fun with skis, snowshoes and a toboggan. In about an (*Continued on page 44*)



A WARM LEATHER JACKET AND HIGH BOOTS ARE FINE FOR THE WOODSMAN IN WINTER



IN PENNSYLVANIA GIRLS TAKE TO THE ICE ON SKATES WHILE THE ICE IS AT ITS BEST

UP HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA GIRL SCOUTS HAVE AS COMPLETE A WINTER AS ANYBODY ANYWHERE AND RELISH IT IMMENSELY IN MANY DIFFERENT WAYS



## Through the Driftin



GIRL SCOUTS OF CAMQU  
TRAL VALLEY, NEW YORK,  
THEIR MARK" TO MAKE A  
ACROSS THE ICE ON LOW

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JUDGING BY THE JOLLY FACES IN THIS PICTURE, HAILING THEIR SLEDDING COMPANIONS ACROSS THE HILL IS AS MUCH FUN FOR THESE GIRL SCOUTS AS THE FINE SPORT OF TOBOGGANING



PENNSYLVANIA GIRLS TAKE JUST AS GAILY TO SNOW AND SKIS IN WINTER WEATHER



## ting Snow They Go!

OF CAMP QUIDNUNC OF CEN-  
NEW YORK, (LEFT) "GET ON  
TO MAKE A LIGHTNING DASH  
ICE ON LOWER TWIN LAKE

UP THE CLINE (RIGHT) TO  
THE HILL AT CAMP EDITH  
E LONG BUT THE THRILL OF  
ON IT MAKES UP FOR IT



## OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

### DEAR News-of-the-Month Editor:

"If this sounds nearly as interesting and delightful as it actually was, I know other Girl Scouts will want to hear about our indoor picnic," writes Avis Wright of Bagley, Minnesota.

"Picture our amazement and great delight when we Pixies and the Sunshine Patrol found our Girl Scout meeting room transformed into a pine forest on a moonlight night, for all lights were extinguished and a large flashlight lantern bore remarkable resemblance to a huge golden moon.

"In the center of the 'clearing' was a cheery campfire (made by covering a light bulb with red tissue paper and placing logs over it).

"Near this camp fire were a thermos jug containing cocoa, a big basket of sandwiches, a cake, and a bowl of salad. Everything prepared 'picnic style'.

"The paper plates and cups were passed around by the girls of the Woodpecker Patrol. They had prepared the surprise picnic. Then the Sunbeams, the girls in the Sunshine Patrol, helped by passing the silverware and napkins to all.

"After we had eaten, we told stories, jokes, riddles and one girl even recited *Little Orphan Annie* in a dramatic manner.

"Before going home we thanked the Woodpeckers for the splendid way they carried out the picnic plan, for indeed the only thing lacking was the mosquitoes, and I, for one, am certain they were not very sadly missed."

FEBRUARY is the month for parties and dramatics. For parties because the month offers so many good opportunities with Valentine's Day, George Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday; for dramatics, because it is the best time to start rehearsals and costume preparations for spring and summer plays and pageants.

Of course, as long as we are talking about parties we would be silly not to use the chance to talk about all kinds—and especially the kinds Girl Scouts are fondest of. So here's one that's different:

A travel party! Ida Hodek of Omaha, Nebraska wants to know how you would like "to take a trip without making many preparations and spending a lot of money? The Girl Scouts of Troop Nine did it by giving a *Take-a-Trip-Party*!" she says:

"At meeting, our captain announced that we were to have a trip and that the tickets could be gotten from the hostess who was told ahead of time to help plan it.

"The tickets were given out and were in the form of booklet tickets advertising the railroad. We were to go to the home of the hostess to get further orders and on the ticket it told us what character we were to come dressed as. The big night arrived and what a gathering! A sheriff, a bride and groom, preacher, book salesman, flappers, an actress and foreign women. At the door we were met by the hostess dressed and blackened like a porter who took us to a waiting room around which signs were posted, such as 'Have Your Tickets Ready' and many others that would be seen in a station waiting room. When the engineer arrived we were ushered to seats placed as those on a pullman. There we played games and danced until the porter called out we were now at 'Grubville' where the train

Little House which cost them three thousand dollars, and when they asked that a troop of Girl Scouts appear before them we couldn't miss that chance, so we decided to present a pageant for them, *How the Girl Scout Laws Were Made*. It's hard to get twenty-five or thirty girls together and, as you know, Girl Scouts never want to do anything half way, so for several troop meetings we did nothing but practice this little play. Then the day came. To get the interest of the club from the start, copies of an original song, written by a local Girl Scout, Terese Sacks, started the ball rolling. On each sheet passed around, at the top, was a drawing of 'Kiwanian', our Little House, the gift of the Kiwanians. They were asked to join us in singing. Then came the play:



HERE IS A SCENE FROM THE SIOUX CITY MARIONETTE SHOW DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

# On with the

*When February rolls around, Girl plays and pageants, games and*

would stop to enable the passengers to get their refreshments.

"Thus ended our trip for the evening, amid shouts of laughter and promises to have another trip at a later date."

### A Pageant!

*Montgomery girls gave one*

Montgomery, Alabama Girl Scouts combined the two big subjects of our discussion this month by giving a pageant for the Montgomery Kiwanis Club luncheon. Flora MacGuire writes about it:

"Two years ago the Kiwanis Club built for the Montgomery Girl Scouts a beautiful

"In came the Story Lady in a lovely costume. Her part in the play was to read a fairy tale to be acted by the rest of us.

"Brownie was the cutest of elves, who promised the Girl Scouts that he would make some laws for them, but he didn't know what to do and, tiring of his efforts, fell asleep and dreamed the rest.

"Next came in a knight representing the first law, 'A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted'. He picked up a pen lying on the table on which the little elf was resting, wrote his law and went out. Then a little Dutch girl who was 'useful and helpful to others.' 'A friend to all and sister to every other Girl Scout' was a school girl with tennis racket in hand. 'Courtesy' was a little Colonial girl who made the quaintest little curtsy. 'A friend to animals' came slowly in, clad in a monk's gown. The Roman soldier was the one who 'obeys orders.' 'Cheerfulness' was dressed in yellow and looked like a ray of sunshine. 'Thrift' was a little Puritan maiden. And the last law—'clean in thought, word and deed' was represented by one of the girls dressed in pure white.

"After all had passed, the little Brownie woke up, rubbed his eyes, and lo and behold! found the laws. He called all the Girl Scouts, dressed in the new green uniform, and presented these ten laws to them.

"We got lots of applause. Of course, some of us had fathers in that crowd of men!"

### How about Marionettes?

*Have your troop make some*

"Marionettes as a troop project! Does it sound interesting?" ask Phyllis Peterson and Dorothy Hagan of Troop Twenty-four, Sioux City, Iowa.

"Last January we talked of how much fun it would be to be able to put on a successful marionette show to replenish a quite flat treasury, and with what money we

# Play and the Party!

*Scouts dig up costumes and cheesecloth one-act refreshments, for February is play and party month*

had, we bought tools, found instructors and went to work. Our figures were an average sixteen inch, and the stage furniture and scenery were drawn to scale also. The heads were first modeled, then cast, then fastened together after inserting the wires to operate the heads. The body as well as the legs was made of wood, fastened together with screws.

"Then came the painting of the heads, dressing of the figures, and what fun! After the marionettes were dressed and strung, we learned to operate them. Then at troop meetings we painted scenery for the next play. And, if you please, we carved feet and hands of the honorable dwarf and poet, and in fact, all the figures. We rewrote Red Riding Hood to make it more thrilling, and had one play written in our honor, by one of the college students who helped us, instructing the troop. We worked and worked, intent on giving a really good performance, a show that would make the giant send shivers and thrills up your back. And when the lovely princess and dainty fairy came upon the stage, your heart just jumped right out to them.

"We had four months of real work on this project. Sometimes the arm strings would get entangled with leg strings, but the cure for this was patience. Then our first public appearance! The audience said it was great, and we felt inside us that we had produced a few good shows, and had had just lots of fun. In fact, they liked our show so much they are calling for another. And they are going to get one, too. Bigger and better than the last one, too!"

## Try a Dog Show!

*Either alive, stuffed or hot*

"Bow, wow, wow, I must tell you about the Dog Show the North Hudson, New Jersey Girl Scouts had," writes Rita Reynolds of Troop Twenty-two. "It was different from most dog shows because our dogs were not real ones—they were stuffed! You may not think that a show like this would be fun, but I think we had a better time than if the dogs had been alive because seventy dogs would have made so

much noise we never could have had a program and then, every girl has a stuffed dog while only a few could have brought a live one. Also, we were able to have them from nine different countries—one from far away Australia—and they never would have come to our show if they had been live dogs.

"We registered our dogs as we came in just as they do live ones and blue and red ribbons were awarded for prizes, only they were given for the largest, smallest, funniest, longest tail, etc. which would be funny prizes for a real dog show. I must tell you that the dog that received the ribbon for having the longest tail was a gingham dog made by one of the girls. A tape measure stuffed inside made the tail. When you pulled the tail, it was a yard long! There were all kinds of dogs: muffs, door stops, purses, antique dogs and one was made out of a sweet potato!

"After we had registered our dogs, we had a dog program. First, Miss Ickis, our



PHILADELPHIA GIRL SCOUTS LEARNED THE CHARMING OLD MINUET AND DANCED IT IN QUAIN LORDS' AND LADIES' COSTUMES

cemetery in Paris. Miss Ickis then asked us to think of a famous dog and tell about it, and I think every dog in history was mentioned, including all the ones in the White House and the one that went to the North Pole with Nobile! We played a game called 'Dog' where a large circle was formed and four girls in the center crouched on their hands and knees. They were the dogs and could use only their hands to try to touch a ball the ones in the circle threw over their heads. If one of them touched the ball, the girl who threw it had to be a dog.

"Really, it was a very nice party and, of course, we had hot dogs to eat! Have a Dog Show in your troop meeting sometime—every girl has a stuffed dog and the shows are a lot of fun!"

## A Festival in Jamestown

*It was a great success, too*

"The Girl Scouts of Jamestown, New York closed a successful Girl Scout year," writes Mary Barnes of Troop Ten of that city, "by presenting a pageant, *The Festival of Youth*, written by Oleda Schrotky, known to the Girl Scouts as the 'Play Lady'.

"The performance was held in Memorial Park which seemed an ideal place for presenting the pageant. The park was lighted through the courtesy of one of the citizens of Jamestown. Seating capacity was furnished by the city for several thousand people.

"The pageant was opened by a grand march led by *Youth*, followed by her escorts, *Past* and *Present*. These parts were taken by three golden eaglets of the city. They were followed by members of the First Class Scouts Association who acted as bowl bearers. They carried and guarded the mammoth golden bowl into which the gifts to *Youth* were placed. In their flaming red costumes and bare feet, with the various colored lights flashed upon them, they made a perfectly charming picture. Next in line were the different troops representing various foreign countries. In the native costumes they made a beautiful sight. The troops impersonated folks from other lands by giving their native dances. The Brownies were the gamesters. (Continued on page 41)



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON INAUGURATION SCENE WAS A GREAT SUCCESS IN A "PICTURES IN PANTOMIME" PERFORMANCE WHICH TROOP TEN OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA GAVE LAST FEBRUARY

local director, read Senator Vest's *Eulogy on a Dog*, and then we discussed how we could keep the Sixth Girl Scout Law by being kind to dogs. We were each given a leaflet on *How to Keep a Dog* which had ten rules we were to follow if we kept a dog in the city. Next, pictures were passed around of famous dogs and, of course, Juliette Low's dog was among them.

"There was also a picture of the dog



## The Thrill of her Life

(Continued from page 14)

ized the awfulness of what she said. "The crack! It's too wide for him to cross. I expect he isn't much of a jumper, poor old thing!"

"Is that what Chut's barking about?"

"Come on." The smaller girl had seized Kate's arm and was dragging her toward the path down the bluff.

"Don't be silly. We can see better up here!" Kate protested. "Besides, it's time to go in. You'll lose your button."

Brownie cast one look at her. "And the old man may lose his life."

"But what can you do?"

"Save him."

The words floated back as Brownie dashed down the bluff, stumbling, falling, sliding. Her party clothes and high heeled shoes were in a mess as she rushed through the little back door of the boat house, swung the bar from the big doors, banged them open with one mighty push, and laid hands on the *Shark's Fin*, crying "Get busy here!"

Kate, who was in very much the same condition, began to push with all her strength, gasping broken protests: "Brownie, it's madness! You haven't a rope or—anything. You shouldn't do this! Miss Harkness will be furious, at this time of night, and with Val out there. And other men!"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Brownie. "Everything you say is sillier than the last. That old man may be lost. Nobody out there has a rope or anything. Stand by."

"But you—"

"I'm going to him. *Shark's Fin* can make it."

"Across the water?" Her words were chill with fear.

"Right slap across!"

Kate's mouth fell open. "But you don't know how wide the crack is," she protested weakly.

"It's not as wide as it will be; and the *Shark* can leap. Anyway she can try. I owe that old man something. Maybe he could have jumped if we hadn't scared him so badly."

"But suppose you don't leap far enough?"

Brownie laughed hysterically. "Jump, Kelly, jump! You can do it in two jumps," she quoted, adding as she hauled up her sheet: "If we fall in we'll sail. A boat is always a boat."

But into both minds sprang the question how long would the shallow, leaking body of an ice boat, weighted with canvas, be able to hold up the three big iron skates? Would it sink at once into that ice cold water?

The wind was so terrific that even here, under the bank, the boat quivered to be away while Brownie sorted ropes. The captain, hampered by her flimsy dress and dancing shoes, barely got aboard as the *Shark's Fin* began to move, and the instant the sail was taut they scudded. Straight away, past Val and Chut and the scattered, wind-blown fishers and skaters who had come attracted by the dog's barking. She let off a point or two, ran down shore, and then jibbed and headed for the wall.

The boat hurtled along at express speed. Brownie's hat went off in the first quarter mile. She turned up her collar. The blast



through her flimsy clothes cut her like knives. She shivered so that she thought she would shake to pieces. Her teeth chattered. Her fingers froze. But the determination of her right arm gripping the rudder, and her left holding the sail, never faltered.

The men on the ice could not properly see what was wrong, but old hands could guess, noting that the *Shark's Fin* was headed straight to the open water. Kate, on the little pier by the boat house, held her breath; and a shadowy form, now on the bluff's edge, held hers. They all watched petrified. For sheer hardihood that little triangular sail sweeping out to the lake at dark, and the tiny blurred figure holding the course, beat anything any of them had ever seen off that shore.

She must have been going a mile a minute, and every minute the wind increased. The white sail skimmed like a swallow, like a bullet as the gale's fury caught it in the open. Miss Winkle, on the bluff, who had stolen out to hunt for a girl that she thought had forgotten punctuality, felt her heart stop. The front skate was nearing the dark line now—was over it suspended—the rear skates, too. In a flash, so quick that the eye could scarcely follow, the boat was in the air; the white sail skimmed on. Next moment all could see the stooped old figure blotted against the stark white sheet. Kate gave a sob. They were safe across! A ragged cheer broke from the scattered observers on the shore.

They saw *Shark's Fin* swing around and go back to the old man. Saw him hesitate, pointing. Could it be possible that he was arguing? Saw him scramble aboard. They watched it head out again. Yes, she would have to run away out to gain speed for the return leap—that leap to be taken at an awkward angle—and every minute the crack widened! The boat would land miles above them. Most of the watchers began to run in its direction. Only Val turned back to the shore at a trot, with Chut prancing, now behind, now in front.

Miss Winkle had come down from the bluff. The three stood breathlessly expectant.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" demanded Val. "The cool nerve of it! I

thought of going, but my old boat is stowed so far away, and she couldn't have made that speed. And—maybe I was afraid."

The *Shark's Fin* swept quickly to the shelter of the bluff, slid easily home. The old man popped out, fit as a fiddle and shockingly cross:

"Gosh and golly! That was a cold ride!" He fanned his arms across his chest, stamped his feet. "Narrow shave for me. Second one I've had today. Some fool girls pretty near ran over me this morning. These ice boats sure is a pest! I'd caught a mess of fish just now, and the captain was in such a tarnation hurry she made me leave 'em. Lost my camp and all my gear. Luck's out fer me today—"

He grumbled on without anybody paying him the slightest attention, for all gathered around Brownie, who had not said a word. Miss Winkle noted how she was dressed, saw she was too cold to speak. Val and Kate lifted the girl out of the boat, and she clung to them while her nearly frozen knees adjusted themselves. Then she began to laugh—or was it to cry?

"I'll n-n-n-e-ver b-b-b-be able to g-g-g-get up that b-b-b-luff," her chattering teeth proclaimed.

But the crowd swelled, voices boomed how she had leaped the widening crack twice to save a life. Fishermen grabbed the trifling weight and got her up the bluff in fine shape. Hero worshippers carried her in triumph to the school door. They burst into the reception hall with such a pandemonium of tongues and feet that Miss Harkness herself came, wrathfully.

"What is all this? Who dares to make such a hubbub? Kate Fallow and Brownie Sweet, you each get ten demerits. What do you mean staying out after dark?"

The fishermen fell back abashed, and Val waited to tell his story at home, where he thought it would do most good, and where he made it a triumphant chant. But the skaters, who cared not a whit for Miss Harkness, proclaimed the girl's feat then and there:

"What's the matter with Brownie? She's all right!"

Their chorus made the rafters ring. Students came running. It was a glorious hour. When she fully understood, the Head had to acknowledge that she was proud of Miss Sweet. But the demerits stood. Such was discipline at Harkness Hall.

Six months later Brownie Sweet sat among the white clad group spread in a wide semi-circle before the platform on the lawn. All the school dignitaries were seated in front of the graduation class and the audience of parents behind. Brownie watched Madge Trimper walk up to receive the punctuality prize and did not mind at all, for in the tray of her trunk lay a bronze cross (to be worn over the right pocket) and in the mail, on its way to her mother, was a cutting from the local paper describing that marvelous meeting when Mrs. Valentine Hunt, before a distinguished audience of town people, the school heads and the scholars, had bestowed it on Brownie for what the Girl Scout secretly cherished as the greatest thrill of her life.

*Sugita and Saburo San play a big part in the International issue—*

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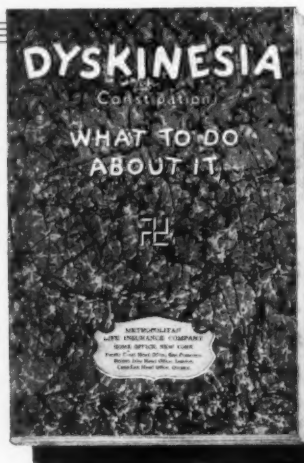
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# DYSKINESIA



**I**F MISERY loves company, the person who has Dyskinesia [dis-kin-ees-ia] may be interested in learning from his family doctor that at least one in every three of his adult patients suffers from the same ailment. But he can take a good deal more comfort in knowing that Dyskinesia not only can be prevented but it can be cured—without resort to drugs.

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Doctors attribute many serious troubles to Dyskinesia—colds, sick headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia, chronic inflammation of the intestines, in addition to "below-par-ness" in general. They also suspect it is responsible for certain disturbances of the gall-bladder, or of the kidneys, and for other disease conditions frequently associated with old age.

Just as improper diet, incorrect health habits, lack of needed exercise, rest and fresh air will cause Dyskinesia, proper diet, correct health habits and exercise will cure it, even when chronic.

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## "You Are Cordially Invited—"

(Continued from page 23)

to make up the cleverest Valentine out of the pictures and type clipped from the magazines and assembled on the piece of paper. When all are finished—and it may be necessary to give them a time limit toward the end—all the Valentines are collected and hung in a row by clipping them to a piece of string strung across the room, or pinning them to the woodwork with pins. The contestants then look over each other's work and vote for the three they like best. When the votes are counted, the winners may be given prizes. Perhaps your party will be large enough to have two competitions, one for the most beautiful, the other for the most comic.

Another competitive game is *Poetic*. Give everyone paper and pencil and five minutes to write down all the words they can think of that rhyme with "Valentine". The one with the most words wins. Then, using twelve of these words selected by you, and read to everyone, all must write a poem of twelve lines, each line ending with one of the words. The poem voted cleverest wins a prize.

It might safely be said that when George Washington cut down the cherry tree and was caught by his father, red-handed, he made the world's first stump speech. This can be made the basis of an amusing game for Washington's Birthday. It is called *Stump*.

Select your first stump speaker by lot and have her stand beside a chair which she must not touch during the speech. Five topical words are given to her—each topic given by one of the guests—and these the speaker must weave into her speech. The five topics must be words the first letter of which is one of the letters in the word "stump". For example, a stump speech may have to include remarks on the topics "socks", "turnips", "Uruguay", "messages", and "pancakes". The best speech wins the contest.

Because young George was so truthful, the game of *Truth and Penalties* is also appropriate, but that is too well known to need describing here.

*Historical Categories* is a good test game and has the excitement of competition. Take a four-letter word and write it down the left-hand margin of a piece of paper. Each player has her own paper. Across the top write the heads of five columns, each devoted to an historical category, such as "Names of Patriots", "Names of Colonial Towns", "Names of Battles", "Articles of Furnishings in a Colonial House", "Women Famous in American History", or any other classification you prefer. Players are given fifteen minutes to try to put down under each heading a name beginning with each letter in the four-letter word which is spelled down the left-hand margin of the page.

When time is up, the score is taken as follows: One reads off her list. If she is the only person with one name in any group, she gets five for that word. If there are two players with the same word, each gets four; and so on, five players with the same word each getting one, and beyond that, the word does not count.

*How would you like an otter for a pet? Sunja had one—*



## The Bound Girl Polly

(Continued from page 18)

I do, for she is my special friend, Grandmother. I like her better than any other girl in Richmond."

There was more argument, to which Nectarine, brushing her mistress' hair, listened happily. "She done bossed ole Miss, and she gwine boss dem old French ladies, too," she chuckled to the cook. "Never seen her beat!"

The next morning, being Saturday, Angelica sallied forth, bearing in her reticule a written invitation from her grandmother, who begged her old friends to let Polly come to Angelica's party.

Nectarine went along, toting the big pasteboard box containing the new dress. Also, Angelica went to town, and stopped at the best store to get samples of silk—rose pink and canary colored, samples of lace and even samples of tiny artificial flowers, which she wheedled out of the clerk with one of the most engaging smiles.

"Gwine boss 'em inter buyin' a silk frock for de bound gal!" thought Nectarine, delightedly. "Dat chile kin do anything!"

Angelica, presenting the invitation, told them, as soon as they had read it, that the date was fixed for next Saturday, which would, she hoped, give them time to make Polly's party dress.

"I brought over my new one, which is very fashionable, they say," she went on rapidly, unfolding the lovely dress and holding it up before them. "And I stopped at Mr. Carraway and Brothers', and got samples, too. I think Polly will like the pink, if she's never had one."

She gave them no time to comment, but the pride of the dressmaker flared in their old eyes, as they fingered the silks, while Angelica, unbidden, hastened to fetch Polly from the kitchen.

"A wonderful invitation for you, my child," they fluttered. "So good of your grandmother, a lady for whom we made *les chapeaux* when she was a so beautiful girl!"

"And what color will you choose, yellow or pink, Polly?" asked Angelica, at once.

"Me decide? Oh, then the pink!" breathed Polly, with great eyes of joy. "I've always wanted a pink frock."

"Then the little white flowers, maybe?" Angelica questioned, and Miss M'ree nodded slowly.

"Perfect taste, little one," murmured Miss Marty, "and so kindhearted, too, to want our little Polly to wear a dress fashioned like your own!"

"It will be a great pleasure," said Angelica, rising—she wanted to hurry away before possible objections could be advanced—"and if you please, my grandmother would like Polly's hair curled."

"Mam'zelle," said Angelica, "will you oblige me by not going to see the French ladies until after my party?"

She was walking to school the next day with the French teacher, and she smiled in a way that, as her old mammy back home said, "would coax de heart outn' a body's breast."

"Ah, *oui oui*," nodded Mam'zelle. "I know you have a surprise planned. Not, little one?"

It was a beautiful party. Everybody stared

at Polly the bound girl, though many had seen her before. Polly was radiant in her pink dress, like yet unlike Angelica's. The old French ladies had decided that it was not fair to the generous child to have a reproduction. But Polly's dress was "*chic*—oh, very," Mam'zelle murmured in dazed astonishment. And who would have thought its wearer to be the bound girl!

Polly's hair curled wonderfully, her necklace of tiny pearls was a Lacoste heirloom, and likewise her fan, painted by a French artist, long ago, and smelling delightfully of sandalwood. Her slippers and stockings were perfect. The girl looked, Mam'zelle declared, as if she had stepped out of a French fashion plate.

"The child is far lovelier than a fashion plate," declared Grandmother, warmly, "and I am so glad Angelica invited her. One can usually trust Angelica, Mam'zelle, to do the right thing. And she usually gets what she wants, too!"

The next day Angelica called once more upon her friends. She went alone, for her grandmother knew she would be safe on the streets, and Nectarine was busy, which was what Angelica desired, and had planned.

"You should have seen how everybody talked about Polly," she beamed on her hostesses, who were, as usual, seated on the porch, the bound girl busy elsewhere. "My grandmother says she would be an ornament to any family. And Mam'zelle, too. And doesn't her hair curl prettily? And her manners, my grandmother said, would do credit to any girl raised—er—reared in the best families." She smiled her celebrated smile. "But she said that was to be expected, seeing she was—reared by Mademoiselle Marie and Mademoiselle Marthe Lacoste. No'm, I can't stay for lemonade and cake." (This showed her Spartan nature!) "I must hurry right back. I just came to bring Grandmother's compliments to you about Polly. Did you ever consider," most winningly, "that Mary Martha is Marie-Marthe in French? Isn't that a—" coincidence? was beyond her—"an act of Providence?"

And, with a wave of her hand the young visitor was away like a flash, her curls waving behind with her speed.

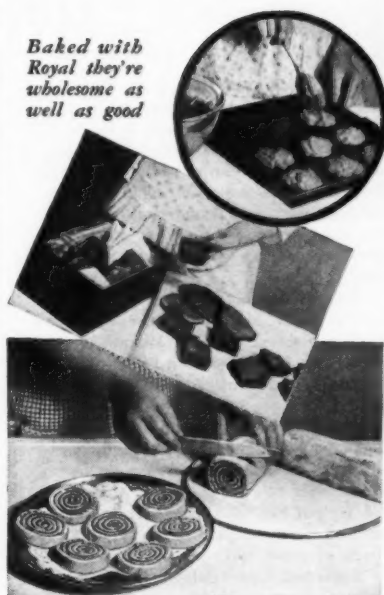
Mam'zelle visited her friends the day following Angelica's call. And the next morning, on their way to school, she had news of weight. "That bound girl Polly, *ma chérie*, *voilà*! They have adop' her in place of zat cousin Jacques' daughter! Today they go to ze notary for fees papers. And her name weel be change' to Marie-Marthe Lacoste!"

Angelica sighed in the fullness of utter content. "What a surprise!" she remarked, demurely. "The bound girl Polly with the same name as that French girl! And she will come to our school, now?"

"That I cannot say," declared Mam'zelle. "I have not ask'."

Neither had Angelica, but intuition told her that she would. And that the old French ladies would give their adopted daughter a party and that her frocks would be *chic*. And other pleasant happenings, not yet formulated in Angelica's active mind. Richmond was not going to be so dull, after all!

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Read the story of this Icelandic girl in March!

## Mystery at Shadylawn

(Continued from page 9)

gasped. Mary had been most uncomfortable and unhappy. She had winced at the words.

"Aunt Peggy made them all by hand," she had said, a little severely, perhaps. Aunt Dora had stopped laughing then and had said they were wonderfully made and that she'd never seen such tiny stitches, but that they weren't what young girls were wearing now.

With the memory of her Aunt Peggy, Mary's throat locked and her eyes were filled with tears. Marjorie, looking up suddenly, saw them and called gaily to her:

"Come into the bedroom, Mary, and bring Gloria so we can draw lots for the beds. Here, I'll write 'middle bed,' 'right bed' and 'left bed' on three pieces of paper and shake them up in my hat, then you can draw first, Mary."

Mary put her hand into the soft tan hat and drew out one of the folded pieces of paper and opened it.

"Right bed," she read.

"Now, Gloria," Marjorie said, shaking the hat a little before she held it out to the other girl.

"Left bed," Gloria said and crumpled the small paper and let it drop into the waste basket.

"So I'm to be the ham in the middle of the sandwich," Marjorie cried.

"Well, believe me then if any or either of you snores or has nightmares I'll make an apple pie bed for you! Tom showed me how."

"That's very childish," Gloria remarked.

"If you knew how you looked when you cross your eyes that way and look down your nose in that superior way, you wouldn't do it, Gloria," Marjorie retorted. It's awfully unbecoming to you."

Gloria made a noise that sounded like a polite snort and turned on her high heels and went back to the living room. Marjorie walked a few steps behind her and her brown eyes were shadow-filled as she turned them toward Mary.

"I'm always putting my foot into things," she said contritely. "It wasn't any of my business how she looks and now she'll hate me. I wish I could remember that I'm not talking to the boys."

She went out of the room and Mary heard her go up to Gloria and say in her frank, boyish way, "I'm sorry, Gloria. Please forgive me. I've come to school to try and overcome this smart frankness of mine. I hate it and I'll be glad if you'll help me. You see, I don't know how to get along with girls very well. I haven't known many."

Mary couldn't hear Gloria's reply, but evidently she forgave Marjorie, for Mary could hear them gossiping together a little later as they began to unpack their trunks.

Mary hurried to empty the straw suitcase which she had carried into the bedroom with her when Marjorie had called her. She hid her pink slippers and the flannel wrapper in the depths of the bottom bureau drawer, and put her plain underwear in neat piles in the upper one. Her stockings were nice, she thought, as she looked at them placed neatly in even rolls in her stocking box. She was glad that she had

sent away for them instead of buying the thick half silk ones that had been for sale in Elmsford's one department store.

When she was all unpacked, she went out to join the others in the living room. Marjorie was on a chair with a row of black tacks between her lips and she was using one of her slippers for a hammer. She was about to hang a gay piece of Italian embroidery over the mantel. Gloria was standing below her, her fair head tipped to one side and her blue eyes full of interest.

"A little more to the right," she was saying as Mary came across the room and stood beside her to look on with interest.

"You don't mind if we hang this here,

thought, had never known what it was to go without things. And suddenly such a wave of homesickness enveloped her that she almost cried. She wanted to go back to Aunt Peggy in Elmsford. She wanted the dear, safe feeling she had had when Aunt Peggy had packed her bag in Kansas and people had stood around telling her how lucky she was to have so many lovely things, and the pink wrapper and slippers and the tatted-trimmed underwear had seemed beautiful! She wanted to go home!

She made some excuse to get out of the room and went into the bathroom and washed her face with cold water and let the icy stream flow over her wrists. Then she felt better. She mustn't go around like a mourner. After all, it was a marvelous chance for her and she must take advantage of it. She went back into the other room, determined to enjoy herself.

Gloria had brought some really beautiful things. There were heaped up piles of sofa cushions and two charming lamps. There were bright red shelves to hang on the wall, with some colorful pieces of Italian pottery to put on them. There were one or two good reproductions of well known pictures; and bookends that were made to represent pirates, which Mary fell in love with at once. Marjorie had brought three Chinese embroidered scarves with her, and a great many books and some college pennants—"real ones," she had hastened to tell the girls because they had belonged to her oldest brother Tom when he had been at Princeton. Then there were three snugly pillows, as she called them, and two small rugs.

How did you ever manage to get so many things into your trunks?" Mary asked.

"I went around collecting my loot for weeks before I came," Marjorie said, "and every time I'd get something else I wanted to take I'd cram it into the trunk and get Warren to come and sit on the lid. That way we got it packed in tight and there was always room for something more."

Mary sat on the window sill and watched the other girls a trifle enviously, wishing that she had something to contribute. She couldn't help feeling a little out of things, although Marjorie and Gloria had both accepted her offer to put their lovely underthings away and she had trotted back and forth tidying the room while they hung pictures and arranged the furniture.

Gloria, it seemed, had a genius for arranging a room. She knew how to pull a chair a little forward and put a table a little back so as to get the desired result of perfect harmony and Marjorie, her devoted slave, worked like a demon to help her.

After awhile she, too, retired to the window seat and watched Gloria give a few final touches.

"You're a wizard!" she said admiringly, as Gloria put a pair of bright red books in soft leather bindings between the colorful pirates and stood back to admire the result. Gloria smiled, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. She was happy in this work.

### Our Book Essay Contest Last Call for Entries!

**Y**OU remember the announcement in the November AMERICAN GIRL of the book essay contest held by this magazine in conjunction with the National High School Awards. This is to remind you that all entries must be in by March 15, 1931.

The prizes are worth working for—\$50 for the best essay, \$25 for the second best and \$10 for the third best. In addition, 48 cups have been provided for the best essay from each state.

In case you haven't your November issue at hand, here are the rules of the contest:

1. The subject of the essay is to be "The three books I have most enjoyed." Essays should be between 750 and 1000 words in length.

2. Standard size paper should be used (8½"x11") and manuscripts should be typewritten if possible.

3. Every contribution must be plainly marked "Contest Number 5", which is the number of THE AMERICAN GIRL Contest in the National High School Awards. Your name, age and address should be plainly written on the first page of the manuscript, and the name or number of the school you attend; also your troop number, if you are a Girl Scout.

4. All contributions are to be addressed to the National High School Awards, 40 South Third Street, Columbus, Ohio.

do you?" Marjorie asked politely, turning to look at Mary. "Have you anything in your trunk you'd rather we'd use? After all, this is the most conspicuous place in the room and we'll be looking at whatever hangs over the fireplace all the time, so I think we all ought to have something to say about it."

"Oh, no," Mary answered quickly. "I've nothing exciting."

"Up it goes then!" Marjorie said and turned back to her hammering.

Mary looked around the room which was strewn with lovely things from the girls' trunks. There were piles of dainty underwear on chairs and tables: a black satin coolie coat with a splashy orange moon across its back was thrown across the soft-looking sofa, a pair of small orange Chinese slippers were with it. A pale pink chiffon negligée trimmed with bands of blue chiffon reposed on top of a small radio which was evidently Gloria's, too, and there were small pink mules sitting together on a corner of the table. Mary thought of her pink wrapper and her pink worsted slippers and wanted to run out of the room. It wasn't Marjorie she was afraid of; it was Gloria with her superior ways. Gloria, Mary

**Monsieur Guignol will win your heart the minute you open the March issue!—**

The door burst open and three girls stood on the threshold. One of them was tall and dark and inclined to be fat. The second girl was smaller, and her hair was in soft, loose curls all over her well-shaped head. Her eyes were soft and brown and she had a wide, red mouth that looked sad, even when she smiled. Marjorie sprang to her feet to welcome the newcomers. The third girl was small and pale and she had large, gray eyes, wide apart, and the lightest eyebrows and eyelashes ever seen.

"We room across the hall," the tallest girl said. "This is our second year. We had your rooms last season but—" She broke off and Marjorie thought she saw a slight shiver pass over her.

"But what?" she demanded bluntly.

"We were glad to change," the pale girl said nervously.

The girl with the sad mouth looked at her companions and frowned.

"Why do you want to start things?" she inquired sharply. "Perhaps they haven't heard."

"Heard what? Start what?" Marjorie demanded, jumping to her feet and going toward the speaker. By this time they were all in the room and sitting down. "This is a grand way to welcome us to Shadylawn! You haven't said a word about how glad you are we're here!"

"You're right. We've been beastly. No manners at all. Of course, we're glad you're here and we hope you're going to like it."

"Now that that's settled," Marjorie said, "let's introduce ourselves. I'm Marjorie Ross, this is Gloria Vanderpool, and the pretty little girl on the window seat is Mary Hopkins. We have decided to call ourselves the Three Bears. You can see the reason, I'm sure." She laughed and with a sweep of her hand indicated the difference in their sizes—tall, graceful Gloria, who was an inch or two taller than Marjorie, then Mary a decided half a head shorter.

The girls smiled, and the tall one said her name was Vivian Grant; the small, pale blonde was Sarah Pugh; and the other one, with the sad smile, was Margaret Howes.

"Now please tell us what you meant when you said—well, what you did about the room," Gloria said, leaning forward.

"If you haven't heard, I don't think we ought to tell you," Margaret Howes said.

"As long as you've gone this far, you know we'll never rest until we find out," Marjorie said sensibly.

"She's right, Margaret," Sarah Pugh said. "You tell them."

"There's something mysterious about these rooms," Margaret said shortly.

"Oh, are they haunted?" Gloria asked, her eyes shining.

"No, not haunted. But the girls who have had them have had dreadful things happen to them. I guess you'd call it a sort of a curse!" Sarah Pugh spoke in a low, mysterious voice.

"That's great!" Marjorie cried, hugging herself in delight. "I've always wanted adventures and now I'm going to have them!"

But Gloria was rather pale. She leaned forward and looked keenly at Sarah.

"Just what happened to you three?" she asked in a low voice.

What evil curse hangs over this room? And how does it affect the newcomers? Be sure to follow developments in the next installment of this new serial.



## "Oh, Joan," I cried, "the girls are TALKING ABOUT ME!"

"You're just imagining things, dummy."

"I'm not, and you know it. You've heard them whispering about me, too."

"W-e-l-l, all right then, I have. I'll trade you t.t.'s.—terrible truths. Step-children of t.l.'s."

"The girls say my complexion is awful."

"And that your hair is a sight."

"And that I'll be a total loss at Lucille's house party next month. Oh Joan, I used to be as attractive as you. What's happened to me?"

"I know what's happened. You believe in letting well enough alone. And that can't be done. You've got to give yourself care and attention."

"But I don't know what to do!"

"First you should give yourself a beauty examination. Then you should follow the simple rules in the grand health-and-beauty booklet that I own: Plenty of fresh air and exercise; sufficient sleep and rest; proper foods—and—"

"Go on, Professor."

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"You should look your best always, Kay. And you can—any girl can—because good looks are only good health. I'm going to lend you my beauty questionnaire and my health-and-beauty booklet, and heaven help you if you lose them. Get Postum on your way home

to-night. Between us, we'll keep the whole school talking about you!"

"Sure. F.t.'s.—flattering truths."

"One month from now the study hall will be trying to find out what you did to make yourself better looking than you ever were . . . and if you're not the most sought-after Soph at the house party, I don't know what I'm talking about."

Joan did know what she was talking about. And I am the happiest girl in school.



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And as for Jean—well, don't miss the magazine next month!





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# KOTEX

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## Cheese in Winter Menus

(Continued from page 24)

kept hot in the top of a big double boiler over hot water. If you are going to be at camp or out-of-doors, the cocoa may be put into thermos bottles. The following recipe serves eight people.

### Cocoa

4 tablespoons cocoa	1 quart milk
3 tablespoons sugar	1 cup water
pinch of salt	¼ pound marshmallows
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the cocoa, sugar and salt in the top of a double boiler. Add the water and stir to a smooth paste. Set over the fire and stir until it begins to cook. Lower the flame and continue to cook until it thickens. This cooking improves the flavor of the cocoa. In the meantime, if you are in a hurry, put the milk on to scald over hot water. If time is no object, this step may be omitted.

The milk is stirred into the cocoa and allowed to come to the boiling point. Here again you will have to watch out, or the milk will boil over while you aren't looking. When it is hot, beat with an egg beater until the top is covered with foam, to prevent a scum forming.

The vanilla is beaten in and the cocoa covered and set aside over hot water or put into thermos bottles. When serving, put a marshmallow in the bottom of each cup and pour the cocoa over it. Of course, whipped cream may be preferred to the marshmallows, but the latter are very decorative. You will need something crisp to accompany the toast, so serve hearts of celery. These should be prepared beforehand.

If you prefer coffee or some other beverage to cocoa, you may use the marshmallows as the sweet. To toast these you will need long-handled forks or forked sticks.

Now comes one of the jolliest parts of the home or camp fireside picnic—the serving, cafeteria style. A long kitchen table may be your counter. Beginning at one end, arrange a pile of dinner or paper plates, then forks, spoons and napkins. Next to these the pans of cheese toast, followed by a bowl of marshmallows or whipped cream, a pitcher of cocoa and the cups or glasses—no saucers, for the plate is to serve as a tray. Next come a big dish of celery and little papers of salt. If you are not serving marshmallows with the cocoa, the array may end with paper cups of nuts and candy and a big bowl of apples or bananas.

When everything is ready, the guests form in line. Each takes his plate, and silver rolled in a napkin. He is then served with as many sandwiches as he demands, passes on and is served with a cup or glass of cocoa, which he sets on his plate. He helps himself to celery and salt and then to the marshmallows, candy, apples or bananas.

When everyone is served, they repair to the living room to sit on the floor in front of the fire, or around small tables, to partake of the feast. Of course, there should be an extra supply in the kitchen for second helpings.

If the plates do not seem large enough, you may use the green trays that can be

*Winifred Moses has a lot to tell about interesting foreign dishes—*

purchased at the "five-and-ten." These may be used again and again, both for tray and picnic suppers.

This same menu is equally good for luncheon or supper and may be served at least once a week during cold weather without the family tiring of it. If celery seems too expensive, a cabbage salad may be used instead for home serving.

This same recipe may be converted into a delicious canapé to serve at your mother's bridge luncheon or a dinner. In this case, you will cut the bread in rounds and toast it on one side before spreading it with butter.

My second recipe for this month is a bread and cheese custard which I adapted from that old recipe known as "poor man's pudding".

### Bread and Cheese Custard

For four people allow four slices of bread, three cups of milk, two or three eggs and two cups of grated cheese. Cut the bread, grate or slice the cheese, preferably the former, beat the eggs and add the milk. Assemble the salt, pepper, paprika and butter. Have ready a baking dish and a shallow pan, partly filled with water.

Butter the bread and put it into the baking dish. If it is a shallow dish, place the slices in one layer. Sprinkle with salt, paprika and pepper. Spread with cheese and pour in the custard, i. e., the egg and milk. If a deep dish is used, put the slices of buttered bread one on top of the other, with the cheese and seasoning between the layers, and then add the custard mixture. This should completely cover the bread. Set the dish in the pan of water and put in the oven.

This dish is really a custard stiffened with bread and flavored with cheese and other seasoning, instead of sugar. The eggs, milk and cheese are all protein foods; hence it must be cooked at a low temperature or it will curdle. That is why it is set in the pan of hot water to cook, but even then it will curdle if cooked too long. I can't tell you just how long it will take because the time depends on the kind of dish used, how much it contains and how cold it was when it went into the oven. So you will have to watch. It is done as soon as a knife blade stuck into the center comes out clean. It should be golden brown on top.

This may serve as the main dish for either luncheon or supper. All that is needed to complete the menu is some celery, or a grated carrot salad, bread or toast and butter, a little jelly or jam and a beverage of some sort. If you want to use it for a hearty supper, serve also tomatoes and celery stewed together, bread and butter and baked apples with cream.

### Spaghetti, Tomato and Cheese

My third cheese recipe is an exceedingly easy one to prepare. Here it is.

Open a can of spaghetti with tomato sauce and pour it into a fireproof baking dish. Grate a cup of cheese. Put two tablespoons of butter in the frying pan, add a cup of bread crumbs and stir until they are coated in fat. Remove from the fire and mix with the grated cheese. Spread this on top of the spaghetti and tomato. Set in the oven long enough for the spaghetti and tomato to heat through and the crumbs and cheese to brown.

If you are in a very great hurry, you can save time by heating the spaghetti in a saucepan before it goes into the casserole, and by mixing the cheese and crumbs without putting the latter in a saucepan and cutting the butter into bits and spreading these over the crumbs and cheese. This mixture of cheese and buttered crumbs spread over the tops of casserole dishes made of lima beans, corn, spaghetti, macaroni or noodles gives a delicious flavor.

### Apples and Cheese

I have one other little tidbit I would like you to try.

Put some bacon or sausage or other fat in a frying pan, not too much, add slices of unpeeled apples cut about one-third of an inch thick. Cook until nearly done. Do not allow the slices to break. Put a slice of cheese on each round of apple and set the pan in the oven until the cheese sizzles. Remove to a platter with a wide spatula. These may be served on rounds of toast as a beginning course, or as an accompaniment to a dish of liver and bacon, or sausages, or as a dessert. Pineapples may be cooked in the same way.

### Apples and Cinnamon

Another delicious tidbit for a party is also of apples and cheese. This time put a cup of sugar, a cup of water and a third of a cup of hard red cinnamon candies in a shallow pan and set over the fire. When these have formed a red syrup, put in a layer of one-third-inch slices of apple, cored but not peeled. Cook until tender, basting often. Be sure to keep the slices whole. They will be a lovely red color, with cinnamon flavor.

Remove these to a pie plate, cover with grated cheese and put under the broiler until the cheese melts. Serve on rounds of toast or on sponge cake.

One of the cheapest of our protein foods is cottage cheese, and it should appear on the low budget menu at least once a week; twice is better. I am giving you just one recipe using this.

### Cottage Cheese Salad

Mince an onion very fine and mix with one cup of grated cheese. Divide into four parts and form each part into a mound or ball. Put each mound into a nest of lettuce leaves and heap high with grated carrot. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing.

### SUPPER MENU

Cheese custard  
Stewed tomatoes and celery  
Toast and jam  
Baked apple with cream

### LUNCHEON MENU

Cheese and grated carrot salad  
Cinnamon buns  
Beverage

Surprise the family sometime with one of the above menus. If you are sure to follow the directions carefully, you will win praise as a "crackerjack cook." Of course, there are many other attractive and healthful combinations in cheese menus and you will doubtless discover them for yourself. Let us know what they are.



*How grown-up  
we are!*

**W**HEN it's Royal Gelatin Dessert for the sweet course, even young sister can have her share. For Royal is wholesome and nourishing as well as appetizing. It's most suitable for youngsters served plain, with milk or cream; but the addition of fruit, or whipped cream, or sauce turns it into a popular grown-up dessert as well.

Special treats appropriate for February holidays can be made with Royal Cherry, Strawberry and Raspberry flavors. Use heart-shaped or hatchet moulds—add a touch of light colored fruit—and you have a gay party dessert that's ready in no time at all. A dessert that *tastes* every bit as good as it looks, too!

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*Consult her cooking pages in the March issue for an international menu*

## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 22)

while Casin paced nervously up and down.

"Fifty crowns. It is not so bad," he said.

"Bad! It is vile!" muttered Perrot acridly. "I have lost Torto, a faithful servant. I have fed a worthless brat for weeks!"

In his corner André listened with paling cheek. Impulsively he turned to Kate. "That Guillaume—he is monstrous!" he whispered.

Kate lifted her white face. Her eyes held blind terror. "I am sorry, André. I cannot think," she explained humbly.

She did look dazed. André took one little limp hand and held it comfortingly between his own. "Why, it is early yet! It lacks three hours to dawn!" he whispered reassuringly. "Don't think any more. You are—" began André, when the words died on his lips.

Someone had knocked!

A moment of absolute silence fell. Then Perrot spoke. "Jacques?"

He limped to the door. André started to his feet. What a noise the bolt made in that quiet room! Someone entered.

It was Villon!

"You return?" asked Perrot sourly.

"Guilty!" chuckled the poet. "Is Jacques here yet?"

"Not yet. It is early," growled the innkeeper.

"Oh!" Villon, whistling the merest lilt of a tune, sauntered across to the children in their dim corner.

"You avoid us?" called Casin Chollet in an ugly voice.

"Non! But this is the last I see of André!" retorted Villon airily.

He seated himself cross-legged upon the floor and gazed searchingly at the boy and girl. His mouth tightened at what he saw in Kate's little, pinched face.

"Dear ones," he whispered. "Listen! I will save you both. But you must do as I say. I would like to escape without bloodshed. There is the shadow of a chance it can be done. In half an hour you will slip over to that table by the door. Later I will ask Perrot for the keys. I will tell him I want to walk. When I open the door—dash out. I will meet you in front of Notre Dame."

André's eyes burned. "That is good!" he said shakily.

"Suppose it fails?" asked Kate.

Villon looked quickly at her. "Then you shall see!" he promised.

The next half hour crept along on leaden feet. When it had expired Villon made the slightest motion. André rose and yawned. Then, pretending carelessness, he went and sat near the door. A few moments later Kate followed him. Quivering with anticipation they waited.

Villon looked calculatingly about the mean chamber. Perrot was sourly putting the bar to rights. Casin Chollet sat, his burning eyes fixed upon Villon. As their glances met, a vicious smile curled back Casin's lip. Beside him Guillaume sat snoring. Behind the two was Perinet, leaning beside an opened window.

Villon got to his feet. "Toss me your keys, Perrot," he said easily.

"Wherefore?" snarled the innkeeper.

"I'm off for a bit," said the poet coolly.

As Perrot threw the keys and Villon caught them, Casin Chollet sprang to his feet. "Treachery!" he yelled.

Guillaume awoke with a start. "Eh—er—what's this?" he mumbled sleepily.

Perinet had turned his head and Perrot was swearing volubly.

"Fool! Simpleton! François is a traitor! I have been watching! He seeks to escape with André!"

Guillaume's face turned livid. "Escape? But at dawn there is ten crowns for you," he whimpered.

Villon laughed icily. "A veritable fortune, Guillaume! But I am not tempted. I refuse to sell the boy for ten crowns. You understand?"

"No brawls!" screamed Perrot warningly.

"This will be no brawl, messire. It is rather a battle to the death!" retorted Villon. He whipped out a dagger and grinned like an elusive tiger behind it.

Casin sprang for him like a wild cat. Villon darted to one side and Casin went sprawling. Quick as a flash the poet dug his dagger mercilessly deep into the weasel's heart.

"A regrettable incident—messires!" he panted.

Guillaume covered his fat face with shaking hands and Perinet, very white, went for Villon next. François put away his dagger and assailed the melancholy Perinet with fists like flails. They fought grimly, silently. Perinet was no mean opponent. Blood and sweat dribbled down Villon's black, grinning face. Then a chance blow caught Perinet full under the chin. His head went back; he groaned once and fell heavily.

There were left only Perrot, a cripple, fitfully cursing, and Guillaume piteously whining. It was yet night and the candles fell awesomely upon Casin's still body and upon the white, unconscious face of Perinet.

Villon coughed convulsively and shivered. "Let us get out of here!" he panted.

Silently the children rose. Villon slid the key into the lock and the door opened. The three fled down the muddy, darkened lane.

"We are safe now!" François assured them.

Kate was weeping softly. "It was fine, François! Like a knight!" she breathed.

"Better even than Roland!" half sobbed André.

Then Kate laughed uncertainly. "I—I—will miss you, François. And André, too!"

"Why, you are coming home with me!" said André quickly. Villon just smiled.

"No," said Kate, shaking her yellow head. "They would not want me. It is best that I go—"

"Where?" demanded the boy passionately.

"There are many places," she trembled. André's eyes flashed. "You are wicked to say so!" he stormed. "Is she not wicked, François? When she saved my life. When we are friends! Now that I am glad, will you spoil it all?"

Villon laughed "Sillies!" he teased. "Think you that I would allow my ward to wander Paris streets? Nay! She goes home with you, André!"

"You have seen them? Mayhap my mother also?" asked André in a sudden whisper.

"Yes, your mother knows and waits for you," nodded the poet.

Now a silence fell while the children walked along dreaming golden dreams. Villon dreamed too, but thwarted tenderness and a half bitter sadness showed in his face.

### CHAPTER IX

#### *The Eagle Soars Away*

They came to La Place des Fontaines in a full blaze of glorious sunlight. A servant waiting anxiously at the gate opened it.

"M-Mario!" stammered the boy. He looked wonderingly, dazedly, sadly, about the lovely little court.

Now they were going up the stairs.

André paused, trembling, upon the threshold. He made a queer little figure, dirty, ragged, unkempt, as he stared about him with wild, hungry eyes. He saw the count first and stumbled forward.

"I am home," he whispered.

The count's somber face worked. He tried to speak, but no sound came forth. Instead he placed a shaking hand upon André's ragged curls.

Then Margaret stepped forward. Wordlessly, she held out her arms.

"Mother, my darling—" he cried and ran to her.

The countess held him tightly and dropped tender kisses upon his hair. She did not once look at Villon or little Kate. After a long moment she put one arm about his shoulders and, laughing and crying together, drew him out of the hall.

The count looked at Villon. "You will forgive my wife's seeming rudeness. We



*Don't miss the March issue, the best of the year—*



are so overjoyed at again having our—" "I understand," said Villon quietly. "This, messire, is your new daughter."

The count bent piercing eyes upon little Kate, who shrank back. She looked very dirty and beggarly amid the splendor in which she stood. But if the count was disappointed he made no sign. "Monsieur," he said to Villon, "will you kindly pull that bell?"

Villon obeyed. Within the moment a plump, apple-cheeked, tiring woman entered.

"Marie, this is my new daughter, Mademoiselle Katherine. She is to be washed and fed and put to sleep," said the count.

But Kate had turned to Villon. "François—" she choked.

Villon nodded. "I know, dear one."

"I will always be your ward?" whispered the child.

"Always, Kate."

"You—you will come and visit me?"

Villon's eyes fell away from her earnest gaze. "That is on the knees of the gods!" he evaded.

Little Kate sighed and held up her lips. "Goodbye, dear," she said.

He bent and kissed her. "Goodbye, sweet Kate!"

Then Marie took her hand and led the little maid away. Villon turned to the count. "I trust you to be good to her," he said huskily.

The count looked searchingly at him. "Is there aught I can do for you?" he asked gravely. "It would give me pleasure to find a place for you in my own household."

Villon shrugged. "I fled a duke's household, messire. So goodbye!"

Their hands met in a close grip. Then Villon walked across the hall and out of the lives of the three he loved best.

Hours later, Kate, opening her wide eyes from dreamless slumber, sat up in sudden amazement. She had been too sleepy to note her surroundings the day before.

She looked and looked. "Oh," she whispered. "Why, a princess might live here!" Then she stepped out of bed. She was wearing a long, white garment, whiter than falling snow. She felt clean and sweet.

There came a knock at the door.

"Enter," said Kate.

It was André's mother. Her face was happy, though still pale. She paused and looked kindly at Kate.

"André has told me about you. He loves you. Are you ready to be my daughter, little one?"

Kate's lips opened in wordless astonishment. "I—you are (Continued on page 40)



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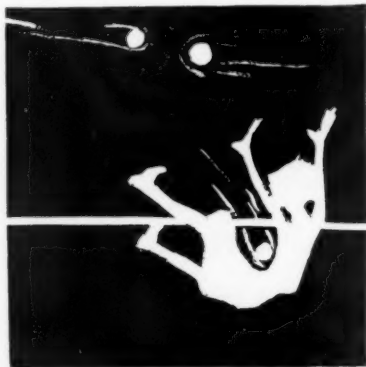


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## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 39)

a great lady," she stammered confusedly.

Margaret laughed happily. "Does that make any difference? Even a great lady can love people."

Kate put out her little hands. "You will love me?" she whispered.

The countess went down upon her knees. "I do love you!" she said and gathered the child in a fragrant embrace.

Afterwards there was breakfast and then the countess and a maid attired little Kate in strange and wonderful clothes.

They had just finished when there was an impatient knocking upon the door.

"That will be André," said the countess a bit shakily. "May he come in, Kate?"

"Enter!" called Kate joyously.

The door was flung open and in came André. He did not look like her André but prouder, more aloof. The only traces of his terrible experience lay in the pallor of his skin, the unsmiling strength of his mouth.

He held out his hands. "Why, Kate, how splendid you are!" he smiled. There was frank affection in the boyish hazel eyes.

"Oh, André, is it not too wonderful? It seems like a dream!"

"No dream, is it, my mother?" asked André, turning gentle eyes upon his mother's quiet face.

"We shall all live happily ever after!" she affirmed.

"Except François!" said little Kate.

A shadow touched the boy's face. "You think so?"

"I feel it here," said Kate, her hand upon her heart.

"André, you forget your surprise," said the countess.

"Oh, that is right! Kate, come down to the hall! I have something fine to show you!"

Hand in hand they walked down long dim halls, quaint little passages, funny crooked flights of stairs until they came at last to the hall.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle!" said a voice.

It was the count leaning back in a great carved chair and watching her.

Kate gazed shyly at him. He looked so old, so stern, so gray. Then suddenly she noticed that his eyes were just the same color as André! She flushed and crossed to him. "I am grateful, *monsieur le comte*," she said with a queer little air of dignity.

The count's lips twitched. "I am pleased to hear it," he said gravely.

But Kate was no longer paying attention. Her eyes had fallen upon a clumsy, familiar figure clad in stout new clothes. It was Torto the dumb!

"Your servant, mademoiselle!" laughed André.

Kate ran to him. "Torto! Torto! Oh, I am glad!" she whispered.

Torto grinned amiably and smoothed her yellow hair. He seemed quite the same, with the old happy smile and blank, trustful eyes.

It was just at this moment that Mario entered and said, "Messires Pierre and Jules!"

André flushed and Kate looked toward the door. There entered a plump, rosy boy and a tall, fair, supercilious one. Kate gasped as she saw the latter. Then she looked anxiously at André.

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He was quite white as the boys came over to him with hands extended in greeting.

Pierre spoke first. "André, I haven't been able to eat right since you've been away!"

André smiled. "Dear Pierre!" he said affectionately.

"I knew the rogues would be worsted," said Jules complacently. His measuring eyes were fixed in surprised admiration on the small, delicate maid who stood beside André. She was wearing a frock of powder blue, embroidered with small gold lilies, the hue of her drifted curls.

André looked gravely at him. "Once you helped them, Jules!"

"What do you mean?" asked Jules in haughty surprise.

"Do you remember meeting two beggars? You slashed one across the face for daring to approach you," said André deliberately.

"I—" Jules colored and stared at a faint red line running across André's cheek.

"Yes, I was one of the beggars. The other was my sister."

Jules looked bewilderedly at Kate. "What do you—?"

"My adopted sister," added André. "Pierre, I present Mademoiselle Katherine de Gressert. Jules, you have met before, Kate."

Kate curtsied deeply. "Messire—" she murmured.

"But, André, I did not know it was you! Forgive me!" cried Jules. He sounded really distressed.

André's face brightened. "Of course I do, Jules, only it was unfortunate!"

"And mademoiselle? Does she, too, forgive my regrettable lack of recognition?" asked Jules eagerly.

Kate hesitated. "It was cruel," she murmured.

"But I did not know!" protested Jules. "Still it was cruel," she insisted.

"But you will forgive me, mademoiselle? If I had seen your face but once before that I would never have made such a blunder!" urged Jules gallantly.

A dimple appeared in Kate's cheek. "Very well, Monsieur Jules. I forgive you!"

"I hear that you are to have a big feast in honor of your safe return," put in Pierre.

André nodded. "And to introduce my sister. There will be minstrels. And poets—" he said dreamily.

"Jellies and capons," said Pierre as dreamily.

The other three laughed merrily and after a moment of blank surprise, Pierre grinned sheepishly, then laughed good naturedly, too.

So we will leave them laughing. The story is ended now with the little Kate in safe hands and André restored to his own. But perhaps some might wish to know of the poet, François Villon. Kate and André never saw him again. As Kate once said, he was an eagle and like an eagle flew lone and wild, to be gathered at last to some splendid horizon.

#### *What has happened so far in this story*

The Inn of the Golden Sow, a sinister place run by Frère Perrot in 1458, is the only home Kate has ever known. She works day and night, waiting on Perrot and his three evil companions, Perinet de la Barre, Casin Chollet and Guillaume d'Orleans. Her only friends are André de Gressert, the son of *le Comte de Gressert*, who, like herself, has been kidnaped by these wicked men, and François Villon, vagabond poet. The latter has taken Kate for his ward. She is, accidentally, the namesake of the beautiful and stately Katherine de Vancelles with whom he has long been in love. Villon does all he can to protect the two children from the cruelties of the "Black Comrades" as the kidnaping gang calls itself. However, he himself has to flee from the police frequently and the children are left to their own plans. During one of Villon's absences, André becomes very ill with fever. Kate nurses him day and night and saves him from dying. Shortly after that the two children try to escape, get as far as André's home and find that it has been surrounded by the gang. Guillaume discovers them and brings them back to the inn, where André is to be sold that night to Jacques Bevelier, the cruellest man of the underworld, because his father has refused to ransom him. Torto, a deaf mute who was Kate's only friend before the coming of Villon and André, was sent to the count with a note demanding ransom. He was imprisoned by the count and hasn't been heard of at the inn since. André's mother is frantic with anxiety about him and the lovely Katherine is her only consolation. Little does she dream that her son was outside the gates of *La Place des Fontaines*, weary, starved, frightened, and with a lash across his face given him by one of his fine companions, Jules de Lore, who had ridden by on his pony without recognizing the ragged André as his friend. Before he can reach the house and his mother, Guillaume leads André and Kate back to the inn where the wrath of Perrot descends heavily upon them.

## On with the Play and the Party!

(Continued from page 29)

"The stage was beautiful as it was made by nature, with the trees as a background and the terraces for the foreground. The girls dressed in uniforms, contrasting with the group of girls in their colorful costumes, made a fascinating picture."

### Try a Penny Party

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of the staggering sum of two cents was charged all the guests. Once in at the party, they were charged other pennies for many other attractions."

**Editor's Note:** Everybody remember! Next month comes the International issue! We are getting together all sorts of interesting things for it, so if you have an especially good letter from your foreign correspondent, telling how Girl Scouts do things in countries other than the English-speaking ones, send it to us right away and maybe we'll get it in time for the March issue. Hurry, and have a part in this exciting number!

*Alice will introduce you to African tribes and an African baby!*

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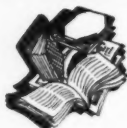
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From "Mountains Are Free," E. P. Dutton and Company

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

**B**Y ALL means! There's nothing half so much fun, whether you can act or not, whether you are a victim of shattering stage fright, whether you "don't mind making costumes or painting scenery, so long as you don't have to say anything!" Plays are in the very air we breathe today, and somehow, at some time, you'll have to inhale them.

When you do, it seems to me there are at least three ways you feel about them. First, you love them because the action seems to jump out at you from the printed page. You feel that you must put that play on the stage—try it out somehow. Second, you are interested in them because they recall to you a favorite book or legend. Third, you want to see a particular play staged because it has fine possibilities for actors younger than yourself.

In considering the plays of the first kind—those which you feel, after reading, you must try out just as soon as you can collect some actors and a stage—one calls to mind a few published recently. *The Princess and the Swineherd* by Gwendolen Seiler (Macmillan) contains several ingredients you will love. There is a princess, always a welcome character, no matter how unfashionable royalty is today. There is plenty of fun, and some situations that simply act themselves. In addition, although you have read many fairy tales about princesses and swineherds, this one has an original twist to it. A swineherd caught kissing a princess is an old fairy tale convention, and so is that of the two rejected suitors and the third successful one. There are, however, several new touches to this version, and it is most refreshing to meet a swineherd who does not bully his princess unmercifully from the moment he has her in his power. *Once There Was a Princess* by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins (French) deals with another kind of princess, a modern Italian one. Originally a New England girl, Ellen has married an Italian prince and lived for years in Italy. She has always been desperately homesick and, when her husband dies, she returns to her native village, where great preparations are going on to receive her. Her old friends all expect to be overawed by her royal arrogance; in fact, they are looking forward to it. So when she slips

into town quietly, it is quite natural that she should be mistaken for the seamstress engaged, for this great occasion, to do some extra sewing. She allows the mistake to go uncorrected, finding out a great many things about her friends and neighbors as she sits sewing. Written some five years ago, this may now be classed as an old favorite, along with such other past successes as *Captain Applejack* by Walter Hackett (French), that priceless pirate comedy; *The Charm School* by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton (French), a play about a school whose educational methods have long kept audiences and actors uproariously happy; and *Daddy Long Legs* by Jean Webster (French), the pathetic but happy play of the orphan whose love affair with her guardian has interested so many girls.

*While Mother is Away* by Marie Doran (French) introduces us to a family of girls who, when the play begins, are joyously preparing to send their mother on a holiday and make all sorts of improvements and changes in the household with which to surprise her when she returns. Just as they have everything ready, they are themselves surprised by the visit of some heartily disliked cousins who announce themselves as due for a long stay. The cousins are pretty impossible people when they first come, but by the end of the third act you wouldn't know them. In the play *Station YYYY*, by Booth Tarkington (French), radio is the actual hero. The resourceful boy who helps along his sister's love affair while preparing his way for a summer at camp away from a woman-ridden household, owes all his success to this invisible power. He and his sisters are as irresistibly funny as are most of Booth Tarkington's characters.

The plays mentioned have all been two or three act plays. One-act plays, however, are equally fascinating. *The Cross Stitch Heart and Other Plays* by Rachel Field (Scribner) comes at once to mind. Few plays can boast so charming and so appealing a conception as this of the old-fashioned sampler which comes to life. Another play in the book of almost equal appeal is *Bargains in Cathay*. The scene is in the book department of a store and introduces us to Emily who be-

*What was the dreadful thing that happened in the room at Shadylawn?—*

Plays  
to  
Act  
and  
Read

lieves devoutly in the poems she is trying to sell, and cranky Miss Doty who is the head of the book department, and Jerry, the wise, wise office boy and others.

*Playing Theater* by Clare Tree Major (Oxford University Press) is a collection of plays both long and short. There is a mystery play, *The Prince's Secret*, which deals with a haunted room, a secret passage-way and a group of gypsies, and which tells the always interesting story of the prince banished from his kingdom by fraud, and of the lovely princess who helps him win it back again. *The Maid of the Nile* tells of a young Egyptian girl who does a service to her beloved queen. It is an easy play to mount and to act. Aladdin, Robin Hood and Cinderella appear in this same collection, all in their own individual plays and all presented in colloquial language and with a modern point of view which will amuse some readers and irritate others. The stage directions are long and chatty, and the remarks on costuming and producing will be found very helpful.

*What Are Parents For?* (French) by Harriet Ford, is another short play with a modern point of view, but instead of dealing with Aladdin or Cinderella, we are introduced to Billy and Sue. Billy is devoted to his radio, but not to the idea of going to college. How he attains his ambitions, with a compromise, doesn't exactly answer the question of the title, but it makes an amusing and actable play. *The Appleton Book of Holiday Plays*, edited by Frank Shay (Appleton and Company), has a majority of parts for boys but, with careful casting, girls can make enthusiastic use of its unusual and interesting material. It is always difficult to find good plays which are not hackneyed, to celebrate the great national holidays. Here we have plays which bring before us such men as Colonel Robert E. Lee, Lincoln, Washington and Columbus, and which are fun to act and to watch. Comedies such as *The Pie and the Tart* in this collection, which shows us how two vagabonds got the better of a stingy pastry cook and his wife, and *Two Blind Men and a Donkey*, may be given on any program, though they are meant here to celebrate New Year's Day and Hallowe'en. *Plays Old and New*, selected and edited by Stella B. Finney (Allyn and Bacon) contains two especially suitable plays. They are *Told in a Chinese Garden* by Constance Wilcox and *Manikin and Minikin* by Alfred Kreymerborg. The latter is simply an amusing dialogue between two porcelain china figures which have a lover's quarrel and reconciliation before the striking clock deprives them of the power of speech. *Told in a Chinese Garden* has the always picturesque Chinese setting, and introduces us to a lovely Chinese girl, whose father has arranged a marriage between her and an aristocratic villain who has an eye on her great wealth. His plans are frustrated by an apparently humble Chinese gardener. Speaking of foreign settings, *World Friendship Plays* by Virginia Olcott (Dodd, Mead and Company) brings us to Turkey, to Greece and to Syria in a series of plays written for younger people rather than those we have been considering, but with backgrounds and associations which will appeal to those who like novel surroundings for their dramatics.

When we consider our second division of plays, those (Continued on page 44)



## Do you know these writers?

William Beebe  
Stephen Vincent Benet  
Arnold Bennett  
Thomas Boyd  
Willis Cather  
Gilbert K. Chesterton  
Padraic Colum  
Warwick Deeping  
Walter De La Mare  
Robert Frost  
Zona Gale  
John Galsworthy  
Hamlin Garland  
Philip Gibbs

Rudyard Kipling  
Selma Lagerlöf  
Stephen Leacock  
Joseph C. Lincoln  
Vachel Lindsay  
Emil Ludwig  
John Masefield  
André Maurois  
Edna St. Vincent Millay  
Christopher Morley  
Eugene O'Neill  
Agnes Repplier  
Edwin Arlington Robinson

Rafael Sabatini  
Carl Sandburg  
George Bernard Shaw  
Elsie Singmaster  
Sara Teasdale  
Albert Payson Terhune  
Henry Van Dyke  
Hendrik Willem Van Loon  
Hugh Walpole  
Herbert George Wells  
Edith Wharton  
William Allen White  
Owen Wister

The stories, articles, poems, and essays of these modern writers are appearing fresh from their pens in current periodicals. Wouldn't you like to become acquainted with them? If so, ask your mother, father, or teacher to write for details of a new plan. It is called the Current Literature plan. This method is being used in thousands of schools today—stimulating a keen interest in current reading.

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World's Work  
Harpers  
Golden Book  
The American Girl  
The Commonweal

## CURRENT LITERATURE

PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN EDUCATION PRESS  
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Read the next installment of the new mystery serial and discover the secret

## Plays to Act and Read

(Continued from page 43)

which recall to us favorite books or stories, we are treading upon delicate ground. It is difficult to dramatize a story or a character which has meant one thing to you, another to me. One of the most successful and distinguished attempts in this field is *The Birthday of the Infanta*, dramatized by Stuart Walker in *The Atlantic Book of Junior Plays*. (Atlantic Monthly Press). This fascinating story of the haughty Spanish princess and the dwarf who didn't know he was ugly, with its background of young grandees and the picturesque Spanish court, is an outstanding one. Another is *The Sire de Maletroit's Door*, one of the best plays in *Short Plays from Great Stories* by Hartley and Power (Macmillan). This is Stevenson's story of the unsuspecting young man who, in defending himself against a group of midnight prowlers, is forced by their sword-play against a heavy door which swings noiselessly shut behind him. Once inside, a cruel uncle puts him in a difficult position with the unfortunate Blanche, and the resulting drama is worthy of Stevenson's splendid story. In *The Shady Hill Playbook* by Taylor and Greene (Macmillan), stories from many sources are called upon to produce skillful and interesting plays. *Our Lady's Tumbler*, for instance, is based on an old French legend of the miracle wrought by the Madonna by means of a strolling juggler. Already employed by such writers as Anatole France, and Massenet in his opera, it is given a different twist here. The scenery, made by the cast itself, is particularly simple and effective. *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen's story which is so amazingly fresh and vivid, was dramatized by Mrs. Steele Mackaye and has been brought out in a revised edition (French). It seems we shall never tire of this delightful family of girls and their adventures in search of husbands. *Toad of Toad's*

*Hall* by A. A. Milne (Scribner) is a dramatization of an animal story many of us have enjoyed as little children, namely *The Wind in the Willows*. It would require, however, very talented younger children to act the play successfully. Its humor and charm are worthy of any effort you may make to show the amusing and life-like animals to your audience. And this brings us to our last division, that of considering plays because of the possibilities of production by younger actors.

*Midsummer Eve* by Constance D'Arcy Mackay (French) is such a play. It takes us into the world of phantasy. The play is written for outdoor production, and has for characters the shepherds and children of Arcady, Strephon, the talented singer, and characters from the morality plays. *The Water Babies* and *Alice in Wonderland* have both been dramatized by Alice Gerstenberg (Longmans, Green), and one has a horrible time trying to decide whether to act in those plays or turn them over to the younger actors. We won't be making a mistake either way, for there is no more sympathetic or discerning adapter than Alice Gerstenberg, and any connection with her plays is bound to be a happy one. Pinnocchio, that beloved young rascal, has been dramatized by Remo Buffano in *Pinnocchio for the Stage* (Alfred A. Knopf). *Patchwork Plays* by Rachel Field (Doubleday, Doran) gets its title from Polly Patchwork, whose dress, made from a patchwork quilt, helped her to win a spelling bee. Another interesting play in the book is *Little Squaretoes*, the sensible little captive who preferred to stay with the Indians who had captured her rather than to return to her strict Puritan people. Also there is *Miss Ant*, *Miss Grasshopper* and *Mr. Cricket*, which performs a great service for the famous old Aesop fable about the ant and the grasshopper. It puts them before us in an entirely new light—one which

we feel, by the time we have finished the play, is the only possible one.

In an article about plays to give, there should be some mention of the increasingly popular puppet plays. The art of making quaint little figures do your bidding is interesting and full of possibilities recognized by several good puppeteers. *The Show Book of Remo Buffano* (Macmillan) gives us seven plays, both for marionettes and people. These deal with Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, Red Riding Hood, and other characters who can do their various famous stunts without turning a hair when they are assisted by the clever strings and figures all accurately described. *Plays for People and Puppets* by Catherine Reighard (Dutton) gives us that powerful little man, the *King of the Golden River*, and the three brothers whose adventures make a beautiful and inspiring story. Rumpelstiltskin and Aladdin also appear in this collection.

Should you get very ambitious and want to do something which isn't an original play, an adaptation of a book, a play for other actors, or one bringing your hands into action by managing puppets, try a pantomime. There are very few available, and that makes it so much the more interesting. One which I have seen very beautifully given by a staff of trained actors, and always longed to see again, is *A Kiss in Xanadu*, the music for which was composed by Deems Taylor and the scenario by Winthrop Ames. The music, a piano score, must be played by a good pianist. It is wonderfully suited to the lovely story of the royal Prince and Princess who, thinking they are departing masked for a great adventure, meet and fall in love again with one another and return home ignorant of one another's identity. *Cat Fear* by Marion N. Gleason (Woman's Press) is an amusing little skit about a Japanese who was afraid of cats.

## Your Winter Hikes

(Continued from page 25)

hour any athletic girl can learn to use snowshoes. At first certain muscles will be sore from disuse, but this will pass. Great distances can be covered with ease on snowshoes because of the increased length of the stride and the easy cushion on which the feet rest.

Skiing is more of a sport than snowshoeing and is more dangerous. The amateur should stay on slight grades and forget that ski jumping exists. Learning to ski is like learning to ride a bicycle. All you can do at first is to keep from falling off.

Toboggans are best in this country when used on artificial slides or on slides where the natural slope of the ground is combined with an artificial starting incline. If your group has a permanent winter camp, you might well build a toboggan slide.



Winter offers the geology student a good chance to observe the rocks. Bare of overgrowth, they stand out clearly on the path, now that the foliage has gone. The seeker for the photographer merit badge will surely want to experiment with snapshots on the hike. A small camera is light and easy to carry without bother since it slips over your belt. Trees hanging low with icicles are attractive

subjects for snapshots.

And have you thought of making a nature trail in the winter? This is an ideal season to have several picnics at the same spot, studying and tagging the trees and stones.

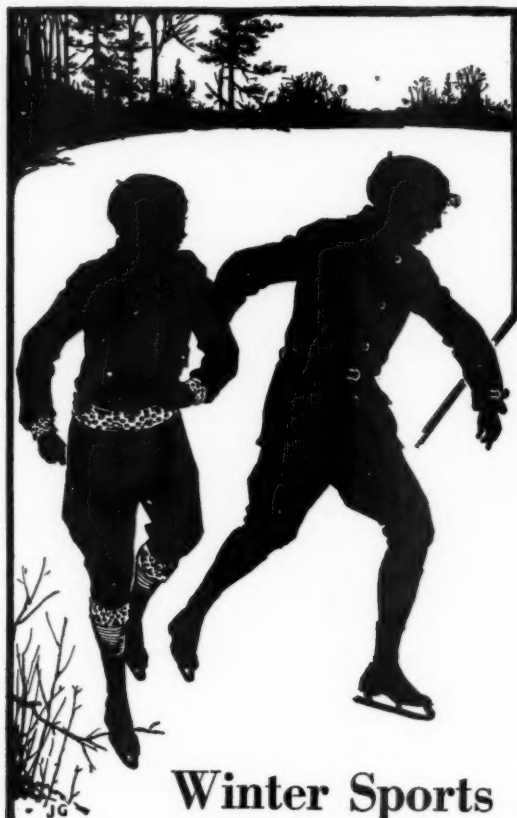
Last but not least is the question of clothes! Your preparations must be quite different from those you made for tramping in the woods in summer. Then you could wear about anything you liked, but now the problem is how

to keep warm on a winter hike without being swathed in so many heavy sweaters and woollens that you feel as helpless as a bambino.

The secret of comfort on a winter hike is to wear several layers of light woollens. Two thin sweaters are better than one heavy sweater because a space for air circulation between garments helps to keep out the cold. (Continued on page 46)

Next month comes the thrilling story of the conference at Foxlease!—





## Winter Sports Are Fun IF . . . You Wear the Right Clothes

**W**HAT you wear in the deep woods should be warm and comfortable and durable and becoming. . . The leader of the party will look after the details of food and transportation. . . Your concern is your clothes. . .

The Girl Scouts have tried and tested these camping clothes. . . You'll find none better to keep you warm and to resist the hard wear that comes from a tumble on skis or a collision with a snowdrift as you toboggan down hill. . . The secret of comfortable winter clothing is to wear several layers so the air circulates between them. . . A green flannel all-wool shirt is indispensable. . . breeches are more popular than ever with winter campers. . . They're far the safest thing for a skier. . . Of course, no girl goes into the winter woods without a short jacket. . . Some like suede and others prefer leather. . . The short leather sport coat we recommend is dark green lined with plaid flannel and has a belt and generous patch pockets. . . It buttons up snugly around your throat to keep out the cold air. . . The zip-on lumberjack of dark green suede-like material resembles a blouse with a knit border around the bottom. . . A zip-on fastener down the front makes dressing a quick job, which is cheering on snappy mornings.

Charming accessories to your costume are a beret and a Windsor tie to match. . . You have a wide choice here since both come in scarlet, purple, blue, yellow, brown, or dark green. . . Choose the color that suits your eyes and coloring. . . Blue is becoming to the blonde while scarlet looks well on the brunette. . .

Certainly, you'll want to take along the brand-new Girl Scout Blanket in dark green with the Girl Scout insignia in the center. . . It's light to carry and helps to make your sleep more cozy. . .

*Yes, we're ready to help you with your  
winter clothes problem . . .*

1—Green flannel all wool shirt.....	\$ 6.00
2—Green flannel light weight shirt.....	4.50
3—Corduroy Breeches.....	6.00
4—Whipcord Breeches.....	7.50
5—Leather Sport coat.....	16—42 14.25
	8—14 12.75
6—Green suede cloth Lumberjacket.....	8.75
7—High waterproof moccasins, 8".....	7.75 women
	6.75 misses
8—Beret.....	1.00
9—Windsor tie, merc. cotton.....	.25
10—Windsor tie, crêpe de Chine.....	.85
11—Girl Scout Blanket, with insignia.....	5.50

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*Meet Girl Scouts from all over the world in the March "American Girl"*

## You and Your Breakfast Are Like Crusoe and His Man Friday

Your breakfast should be just as helpful to you as Man Friday was to Crusoe. And a misfit breakfast causes you a barrel of trouble. For the right kind of breakfast, choose Shredded Wheat. Two delicious, brown biscuits—happy islands in an ocean of rich milk—supply you with the necessary nourishment and vigor. They look tempting and they taste even better.

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## Merrywold



Camp for Girls 10-18 Winthrop, Maine. Real camping in the Maine woods. 130-acre playground. All activities. Trips. Limited to 30 well-recommended girls. Experienced leaders. Moderate fee all inclusive. The Director has had long experience in Girl Scouting as a Local Director and Camp Director. Illustrated booklet, Address Assistant Director Margaret B. Harris, 306 Barrington St., Rochester, N. Y.

## SWASTIKA Girls 7-25

A camp on Granite Lake, Munsonville, N. H. Alt. 1300 feet. Mt. Monadnock region. Screened cabins, modern sanitation. All activities. Motorboat, gymnasium, riding and trips included in \$200 season fee. Counsellor training course for girls over 18 years. \$100 season. Write the Director.

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Canadian postage 25c extra for 1 year; 50c for 2 years. Foreign postage 50c extra for 1 year; \$1.00 for 2 years.

## Your Winter Hikes

(Continued from page 44)

These days woolen underclothes aren't considered as essential as they were in our mothers' day. And since we never wear them, they are unnecessary for a day hike. Lisle knit vests and shorts are good for sports wear and are easily laundered as they require no ironing. For a winter hike it's always a good idea to wear woolen stockings if the prickly feeling of wool next to your skin doesn't bother you. If it does, a cotton or lisle stocking may be worn with woolen socks on top to keep the ankles warm. High, laced shoes that have been oiled to make them partially waterproof are best.

Have you seen the new woolen sweat shirts? They're splendid for this hike of yours since they are light but warm and fit quite snugly. Woolen bloomers are more practical than a skirt.

If it's a nipping day, you'll want to wear a light-weight sweater over your sweat shirt. Should you feel too warm after walking a few miles, stop and take off your light sweater, tying the sleeves around your waist so as to carry it easily. Be sure to put this sweater on again when you sit down for a rest or lunch because it's a simple matter to catch cold when you cool off too quickly. A shaker sweater—the very heavy variety used by football players—or a windbreaker should be worn as the top layer. A zip-on lumberjacket of suede is excellent since it is light and yet protects you from the cold blasts. Or you may prefer a leather sports coat.

Of course, this year you'll wear a bérét. It may be pulled down over your ears to keep them from freezing and adds a gay touch to your costume. Bérêts come in every color imaginable. Orange looks particularly well with green bloomers and a green jacket. But consider your own particular coloring in the selection of a bérét.

## With Skis and Skates

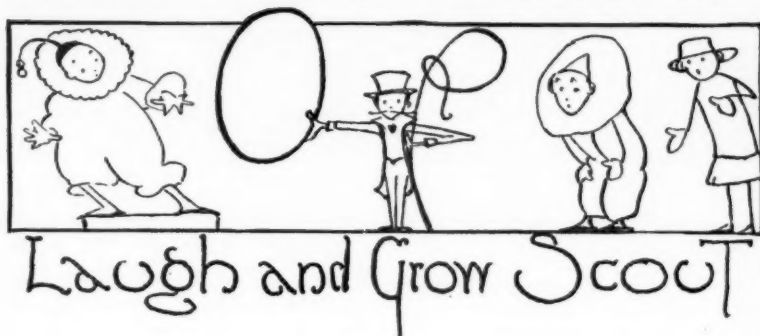
(Continued from page 19)

and green. Add oiled leather ski boots, wool socks, wool gloves and a light weight wool sweater for warmth.

The correct country, semi-sports or what they sometimes call "spectator sports" costume should be rather tailored and not too casual and picturesque, although it should follow the sports requirements of looking practical and hard-wearing and comfortable. The herringbone tweed two-piece suit—illustrated on page nineteen—is a good example of a classic style. The cream-colored chambray sleeveless blouse worn under it is an up-to-date innovation but the other accessories remain about the same—a small-brimmed felt sports hat, lisle or fine wool hose, walking shoes and washable gloves.

For skiing costumes navy blue has always been a favorite, but this year we are also seeing a great deal of brown and dark or bright green. White is marvelous for accessories for any snowy sports, and of course the brilliant colors—red, orange, yellow and bright green—are much used for skating costume accessories. For spectator, sports tweeds in browns, greens or dark red cannot be surpassed, and the accessories are often beige or white.

You'll get a new sidelight and thrill about America next month—



### She Knew His Habits

FOND MOTHER: Jane, do you know if Johnny has come home from school yet?

JANE: I think so. I haven't seen him, but the cat is hiding under the stove.—*Sent by DOROTHEA JENSEN, Wichita, Kansas.*

### Fun For All!

"Oh, Mama, I've been having the best time playing post office today," cried the young boy as he rushed into the house. "We've been using real, honest-to-goodness letters." "Real letters? Where did you get them?"

"Why, we found a big bunch in your old chest in the attic, all tied up with pink ribbon, and gave one to each one of the families living in our street."

—*Sent by RUTH BURNETT, Montgomery, New York.*

### An Alert Diner

DINER: What have you got for dinner?  
WAITER: Roastbeeffricasseedchickenstew-edlambbaked and friedpotatoescottagepudingmilkteaandcoffee.

DINER: Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighteenth and nineteenth syllables.—*Sent by ESTHER CHRISTENSEN, Galtville, California.*



### What For?

A tired huntsman reined up at a wayside inn, and jumping from his horse, threw the rein to little Tommy who happened to be standing near.

"Here, boy," said he. "Hold my horse while I go inside."

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



### Too Fussy!

Two old settlers sat smoking in a cabin far away in the backwoods. No feminine presence ever graced that settlement, and domestic life was primitive.

The conversation drifted to cooking and one of the confirmed bachelors said, "I got one of them there cookery books once, but I never could do nothing with it."

"Too much fancy work about it?" asked the other.

"You've 'it it. Every one of them recipes begun in the same way. 'Take a clean dish'—and that settled me at once."—*Sent by ELOISE SANTERRE, Dallas, Texas.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

cian."—*Sent by JANET MACMASTER, Short Hills, New Jersey.*

### The Poor Governor!

GENTLEMAN (to his servant): Well, John, did you give the governor my note?

SERVANT: Yes, sir, but there's no use writing him letters; he can't see to read them. He's blind as a bat. Twice he asked me where my hat was and I had it on my head all the time. Blind as a bat, sir!—*Sent by CATHERINE CURRIER, Rochester, Minnesota.*

### Friend or Foe?

USHER: Are you a friend of the groom?  
LADY: Indeed, no! I'm the bride's mother.—*Sent by THEDA SHAFFNER, Louisville, Kentucky.*

Tommy was not very keen, so he asked, "Will he bite, sir?"

"No, my boy," was the answer.

"Will he kick, sir?"

"No, my boy."

"Will he run away, sir?"

"No, my boy."

"Then," said Tommy, "why should I hold him?"—*Sent by VERA DUBOSKY, Waterbury, Connecticut.*

### She needed Real Sympathy

They were playing My Old Kentucky Home, and the old lady was weeping to herself over in the corner. A kindly gentleman, noticing her, went over to speak to her. "Are you a Kentuckian?" he asked.

"No," replied the lady, "I'm a musician."



## FREE! How to Make This BOUDOIR DOLL



and many other kinds

Smart boudoir dolls, clever talcum dolls, flapper dolls, handy powder puff dolls—these and many others you can now make yourself easily, perfectly, right at home. All you need to start at once are the simple step-by-step directions which Dennison sends you FREE and some Dennison crepe paper and wire, obtainable at department, stationery and many drug stores.

Simply send the coupon below and we will send you the complete plan for making these clever novelty dolls.

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.....Crepe Paper Flower Making 10c  
.....Party Table Decorations 10c .....Sealing Wax Craft 10c  
.....Weaving Paper Rags 10c .....Waxed Pond Lilies (Free)  
.....Crepe Paper Costumes 10c .....Collapsible Flowers (Free)

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## Earn Money and these gay prizes!

THAT extra money you've always wanted—why not earn it now to spend for those important little things such as sodas and silk stockings, scout equipment? Hundreds of Girl Scouts who belong to our Girls' Club are doing it every month.

And they're winning ever so many gorgeous prizes such as the snappy sports watch and the handy snaplite shown here. (There are dozens of others to choose from.)

You can find out all about the fun you'll have by writing me this note: "Dear Manager, Please tell me about The Girls' Club." Also be sure to give me your name, address and age. There are no expenses or obligations. Address:

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

1112 Independence Sq.  
Philadelphia, Pa.



An English girl tells of her adventures here in "Three Immortal Months"





### Don't Be Easily Discouraged!

**I**F THINGS seem to go wrong just when you've laid out a detailed plan to have enough spending money at school this term—don't be easily discouraged.

If your carefully planned budget stares at you mockingly because expenditures simply couldn't be kept down—don't be easily discouraged.

If you have to turn down exciting invitations because you haven't the proper clothes or accessories to wear—don't be easily discouraged.

If your room begs for a little sprucing up with a new lamp or curtain or cushion, and you haven't the money with which to do it—don't be easily discouraged.

### There's a Remedy

You can find a way out of your difficulties if you get busy. You can earn money quickly and easily and pleasurably for all the things you need. Betty Brooks will help you get them. So get that scowl off your face and cheer up.

### Write to Betty Brooks

Why don't you write to Betty Brooks immediately and let her tell you how you can earn enough money to take care of all your needs? She has a remedy for meeting school obligations, for fixing up that budget, for accepting those invitations, for cheering up that room.

And she has a special surprise for Earn-Your-Own members this year. More money than ever will be yours through Betty Brooks' special offer. Write to her today—immediately—in care of

**The American Girl**

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## Let's Give a Play

(Continued from page 15)

own pleasure?" Often it's the latter, and I am delighted, for that is sufficient reason for giving a play.

That decided, what should one look for in a play? I should say that there are three things to consider: First, the idea—is it worth your attention? Second, has the play literary value—the idea may be all right but are the lines worth memorizing? Third, has it dramatic value—is the plot interesting enough to hold one's attention? If a play answers these three points positively, it is a good play.

Is there a shy girl in your group? Very well, urge her to take part, however small. If you are loquacious, ask the director for a silent part; maybe she will give it to you without asking. If Jane stoops, let her think tall and take such parts as require a well-poised, confident character.

The above suggestions mean, then, that the choice of a play is not a hit-or-miss thing. We should consider well before we pick. If there are girls who are not interested particularly in acting, give them something to do with the mechanics of production—settings, costumes, properties, and lighting for those girls who want to busy their hands.

There are three settings that may be used for almost any type of play. First, and no doubt the simplest, are draperies and tall screens. By draperies we mean that the back and sides of the stage are hung with curtains of the same color. Gray, blue, cream or dark green are excellent shades and denim is good material. Canton flannel likewise is suitable if you want richness in the draperies. A cream curtain with a gold border painted or sewed makes a Greek setting. A green curtain lined with tan may be turned about and made into a farm house or inn. If you wish a forest all you need do is to turn the curtain back again. Greek plays, Shakespearean, Biblical, and similar plays are best given in this setting.

Next there is what is called screen scenery, either painted or draped, with a neutral tinted fabric. Burlap or similar material may be used. These screens may be set in various ways. Paneled wall paper makes a Tudor room; painted Mother Goose designs, a nursery; pine boughs, a forest.

The last type of scenery we are all familiar with—painted scenery with a back drop and wings. This kind of scenery may be made on frames, one for the back and one for each side. Buy enough unbleached cotton to cover the frames (allowing for shrinkage). Before tacking the material to the frames, wet the cotton thoroughly and when dry nail securely to the frame, making sure there are no wrinkles. You have no doubt heard people talk about a prime coat of paint. This is a base for the final coat and it may be one of two kinds of paint. Ordinary, ready-mixed white paint is less trouble, but I have always liked the powdered kind because the colors are softer and warmer. This kind of paint is bought by the pound, is mixed with water and enough mucilage to make it adhesive. I should advise you to consult your local painter as to proportions. Next comes the final coat and here you will have to think very carefully because the stage set must not clash with the

costumes or detract from them. Warm tans, grays and creams are good neutral shades. Be sure to choose your paint by artificial light because the paint may be right in daylight but when you throw a strong electric light on it the effect may be totally different—light blue may become green, purple, black, and so on.

It is great fun to build a little stage and set it with miniature furniture. This type of stage set will allow you to experiment to your heart's content. Then the big stage can be built to scale and you will already have many of your problems solved. If you wish horizon, the cyclorama is preferable to the back drops. This type of curtain is made by hanging material, not too full, from a semi-circular shaft. Be sure that the curtains reach the floor and that the top is above the line of vision. It would be dreadful if one saw above the sky. The cloth is usually unbleached cotton dyed a delicate light blue, or it may be cream bunting flooded with a blue light. I once did a fairy play and we got mysterious effects by using three tiers of this bunting. It has to be creped before using (dipped in water and wrung out by twisting tightly). We used one tier of violet and two of blue—the violet was in the middle and we outlined a hill and a little church, and put a tree made of cardboard on the middle curtain.

Don't think you must have a theater equipped with a switchboard and fancy lighting contraptions to give a play. Space prevents details regarding lighting, but always remember that the performance of a play is a living picture. Remember always to light your point of interest. Different intensities of light on players and at different places give a scene balance. Don't use too much light; if you have no shadows your actors will have only two dimensions—flatness.

Be thrifty and keep your eyes open for costume material. Canton flannel is an excellent substitute for velvet or leather. Old portieres, too, are rich and often gorgeous in their coloring. Be very careful not to put silver or gold ornaments on servants in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth Centuries. Strict rules of dress governed the peasant class and you should familiarize yourself with them. *Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs*, a book by Constance MacKay (Henry Holt), contains valuable material. *Stage Costuming* by Agnes Brook Young (Macmillan Company) reads like a story book. Then the Little Theater Workshop, at 1430 South Penn Street, Philadelphia, will give you information upon everything pertaining to the stage. Write them for information regarding membership.

"Oh come and do a play with me,  
And learn the actor's art,  
For any room may be the stage  
And all may have a part.  
Perhaps you'll be the Knave of Hearts  
Or head a Pilgrim Band;  
Or even wear a robe and crown  
As monarch of the land!  
You haven't any words to learn,  
Whatever may be done;  
It's all a piece of Make Believe  
And every bit is fun!"

N. A. S.

Yes, giving a play is fun, even when it means work, too. Try it and see.

*Wouldn't it be exciting to forecast styles in clothes?—*



## My Hobby

By DONNA LONG

*Donna won the third prize in our recent Hobby Contest with a story about her interest in moths. She has over a hundred of these beautiful creatures, several of which she describes for you. You will also find on this page an interesting account of Jean M. Berry's hobby which won an honorable mention in the contest. She says she has found her hobby helpful to herself and interesting to other people. From time to time other hobby essays in the group which received honorable mention will appear on this page, so watch for them!*

**M**Y HOBBY is collecting moths. I have several kinds. I have one mammoth one that measures about three and one-half inches from wing to wing. It is very beautiful. It has little round transparent spots in each wing and has pink and blue shading on a mouse gray background. It is my prize moth—the largest one that I have ever caught.

I have almost a hundred other moths. Some are very beautiful. I have one pastel green one. It is tiny but it is about the prettiest one I have. I also have one black and white one. Its wings and body are like velvet and it has very beautiful, though peculiar, markings.

I also have an orange moth. It is larger. It measures about an inch and a half from wing to wing. Its wings are divided into three parts. In the center part are two tiny white dots.

I have several white moths with white bodies. I was told that they are very valuable, but I don't think they are or I should have investigated long ago.

It is very interesting to catch the moths. I put them in a bottle and put a cloth, soaked with chloroform in the top and it kills them without any torture or pain. I couldn't bear to think that I was hurting them.

I never had a hobby until last year and I saw so many beautiful moths that I decided it would be nice to preserve some to look at when I grew too old to do much else. I know this sounds silly but I have read so much of people that grow old and can't enjoy life that I dreaded it, and I knew that looking at my collection of beautiful moths would be enjoyable.

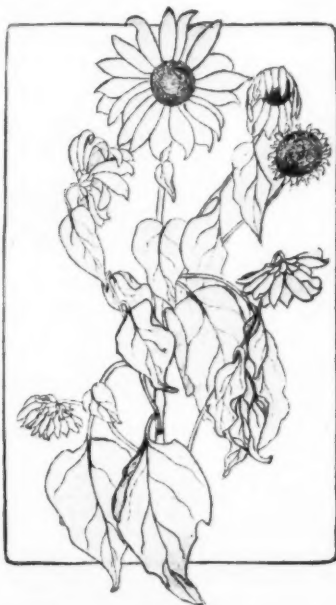
(We are sure that Donna will find other people interested in looking at her collection, too.)

### Jean M. Berry's Hobby

Last year our English assignment was to gather information on the French Revolution in connection with Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*. After looking through book after book on the subject of the French Revolution and not finding anything of particular interest, I finally went to my box of coins, the collection of which is my hobby. Among the French coins I found two dated Lan 4 and Lan 8, which I found correspond to the years 1796 and 1800, four and eight years respectively from the beginning of the French Republic. A short oral theme and these coins were my contribution to the discussion held in class the following day. It was small in comparison to the elaborate contributions made by the more eloquent members of the class, but nevertheless it was a great success. The coins were subjects of great interest and were exhibited to all the classes in the school which were studying the *Tale of Two Cities* at the time. Many other subjects, history in particular, seem more real with coins dated to show their age and bearing portraits of the notable men of whom we study. A collection of coins is a real help in school work besides being an interesting subject for study out of school.

**Editor's Note:** If any AMERICAN GIRL readers have favorite hobbies that have not yet been written about on our hobby page, we shall be glad to hear about them. Hobby letters should be not more than three hundred to three hundred and fifty words in length.

At the top of the first page should be written the name and address of the sender and her troop number if she is a Girl Scout. No unused letters can be returned.



Margaret Norris tells about girls who do this—in March

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CHAS. W. SCHMIDT

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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### A Puzzling Valentine

To many, the big day in the month of February is Valentine's Day, the time when we get those lacey, beribboned missives so nicely decorated with hearts, flowers and cupids. Little did good St. Valentine realize that such a popular custom would be observed in his honor and that countless tokens of affection would be sent and received on his day each year.

Our puzzle, this month, concerns the name of a girl who has just received a very interesting valentine. We see it here presented in a rebus form, which when correctly solved, will spell out her name. First write down the correct names of the symbols and objects on the left, then subtract certain letters from these words according to the number indicated on the right. The combined result will give the name of a well known poem and its heroine.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A piece of furniture
2. Slender, pointed, missile weapon
3. Courageous
4. One who loves
5. Large water jugs

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, turn **PILL** into **DOSE** in four moves.

### Concealed Words

The names of eight fish are concealed in the following sentences:

1. Havana, Cuba's seaport exports sugar and tropical fruits.
2. Jennie cried, "Hush! Ada, you'll wake the baby!"
3. The people of Porto Rico do not need to wear fur coats.
4. "Oh! Look at Mary!" cried Alice. "Her ring is just like mine!"
5. The most direct route to Japan is by way of the Pacific Ocean.

6. She had "Doc" Kennedy's address in her book.

7. The preacher read a beautiful psalm on that Sunday.

8. Ices melt slowly as they come in contact with the heat.

By *MARGARET M. SMITH, Age Eleven, Neuburgh, New York.*

### Ye Olde Time Riddle

When have donkeys eight feet?

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters will spell the name of a well known opera.

1. Heat
2. Tone
3. Oars
4. Arch
5. Very
6. Ails

### Beheaded Words

From a word meaning fantasy, take away a letter and leave a quantity of paper. From another word meaning a scoop-like implement, take away a letter and leave a shabby hut. From a word meaning confidence take away a letter and leave corrosion. Take away a letter from an ecclesiastical dignitary and leave a word meaning to narrate.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

**TREASURE HUNT:** Start with square 2 in the north corner, move 2 southwest to 6, move 6 south to 3, move 3 northeast to 3, move 3 north to 2, move 2 southwest to 1, then 1 south to chest.

### PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

G E L I D  
E L I D E  
L I N E N  
I D E A S  
D E N S E

**WORD JUMPING:** Cost, most, mist, mint, mind, find, fund.

**AN ENIGMA:** "A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others."

**YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE:** A sponge.

**A CHARADE:** Buffalo.

**ADD A LETTER:** The added letters spell **ESTHER**.

*A bedroom modeled after one in the tropics! Read Ilonka Karasz's suggestions in March*



# Enjoy the Thrill of Making Just one Dress

EVERY day more girls are discovering the happiness of making their own clothes. For if you enjoy the adventure of looking at dresses in the windows and in the stores, trying to decide which one you would like most to have, you will find ten times the thrill when you plan and make your dress yourself just as you would like it to be. You can select a becoming design from among hundreds in the fashion magazines. You can choose fabrics and colors that are just right for your type, and you can add in the making those little individual touches that give distinction to a dress.

You can create your own dresses now—yes, even though you have never sewn a stitch in your life. For the Singer Sewing Schools provide a convenient new plan by which you can have the friendly, personal help of an expert teacher. She will show

you how to lay out your pattern and cut out your dress, and will guide you step by step in the fitting and finishing.

Best of all, you will find it is not like a school at all, but more like a social sewing club. If you wish, you can make up a little group of your friends and arrange to go together on the same afternoon or evening. In fact, by this new plan, sewing becomes the kind of fun no girl will want to miss. Once you experience the happy thrill of making just one dress, you will be eagerly planning all the other clothes you have wished for but never could afford. For, of course, when you pay only for materials, you can

have at least three times as many dresses as when you must buy them ready made.

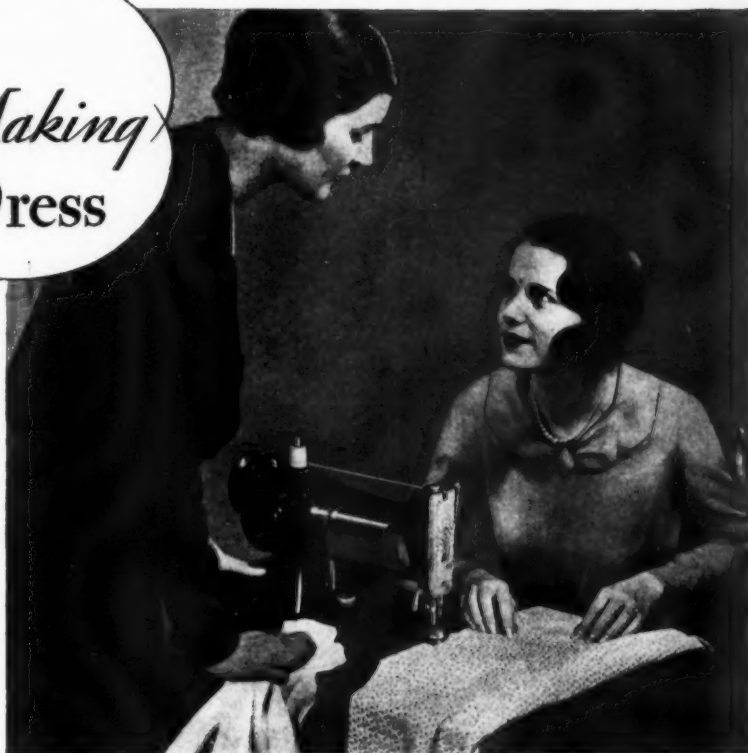
Tell your mother about this plan and tell her, too, that this same invitation to enjoy Singer instruction service is extended to her.

Why not find out right away about the Singer Sewing School nearest your home. You may obtain full information if you will simply telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your community. Or send the coupon below and the story of this new plan will come to you at once.

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "OK!" for the pause that refreshes in the production of "War Nurse." Painted from an actual scene showing, left to right: Anita Page, Director Edgar Selwyn, Robert Montgomery and Marie Prevost.

*It  
had to be  
good to get  
where it is*

Drink  
**Coca-Cola**  
Delicious and Refreshing

## BEHIND THE SCENES IN HOLLYWOOD ...*"OK!"* means *the pause that refreshes*

"INTERLOCK!" commands the Director... Silence... Cameras turn... Microphones record... No sound but the actors' voices... A cough or a sneeze would wreck the picture... Tense moment on top of tense moment... Then at last the voice from the Monitor Room says: "OK!" And in Hollywood this means *the pause that*

*refreshes*. Everybody sighs relief. Ice-cold Coca-Cola is served. Stars, directors, camera men and extras—all taste its tingling deliciousness and relax with a cool after-sense of refreshment. Thus they *come up smiling* for the next set. And (because all the world's a stage) *so can you* in the part you play in a busy day.

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